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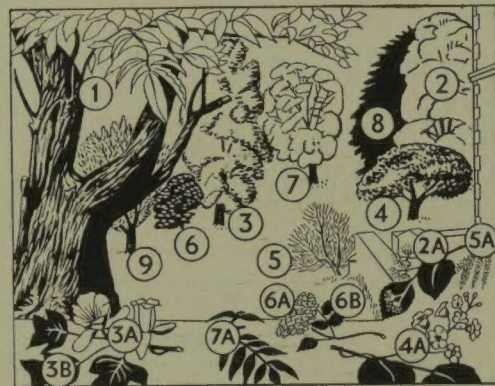
# Shell guide to trees in JULY

PAINTED BY S. R. BADMIN, R.W.S.



Chestnuts develop from the pale catkins which give the SWEET CHESTNUT (1) such a sickly odour this month, contrasting with the sweetest scent blowing from the flowers of the COMMON LIME (2 and 2A). Twigs of the TULIP TREE (3) from America are astonishingly fragrant. We have grown this noble tree with tulip-like flowers (3A) and leaves oddly truncated or trimmed off (3B) for nearly 300 years. Red Indians used the timber for canoes. The CATALPA or INDIAN BEAN (4 and 4A), flowering in the garden, is another American; 'catalpa' coming from its name among the Carolina Indians. TAMARISK (5 and 5A), first grown at Fulham Palace as a cure for melancholy in Mary Tudor's reign, is often planted by the sea to form a hedge.

These are all foreigners — including probably the Common Lime. An undoubted native is the ELDER (6), spreading pancakes of foamy blossom (6A) which fry deliciously in batter into actual pancakes. The ASH (7 and 7A), as well as the Elder (6B) has leaves 'pinnate', that is with leaflets in opposite pairs. The COPPER BEECH (8) of our gardens is a variety of the wild Beech. Coppery or purplish leaves also mark a smaller garden tree — the variety of the CHERRY PLUM called *pissardii* (9).



Shell's series of monthly "NATURE STUDIES: Fossils, Insects and Reptiles", which gave so many people pleasure last year, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 7s. The Shell Guide to "Flowers of the Countryside" and Shell's "NATURE STUDIES: Birds and Beasts" are also available at 7s. each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

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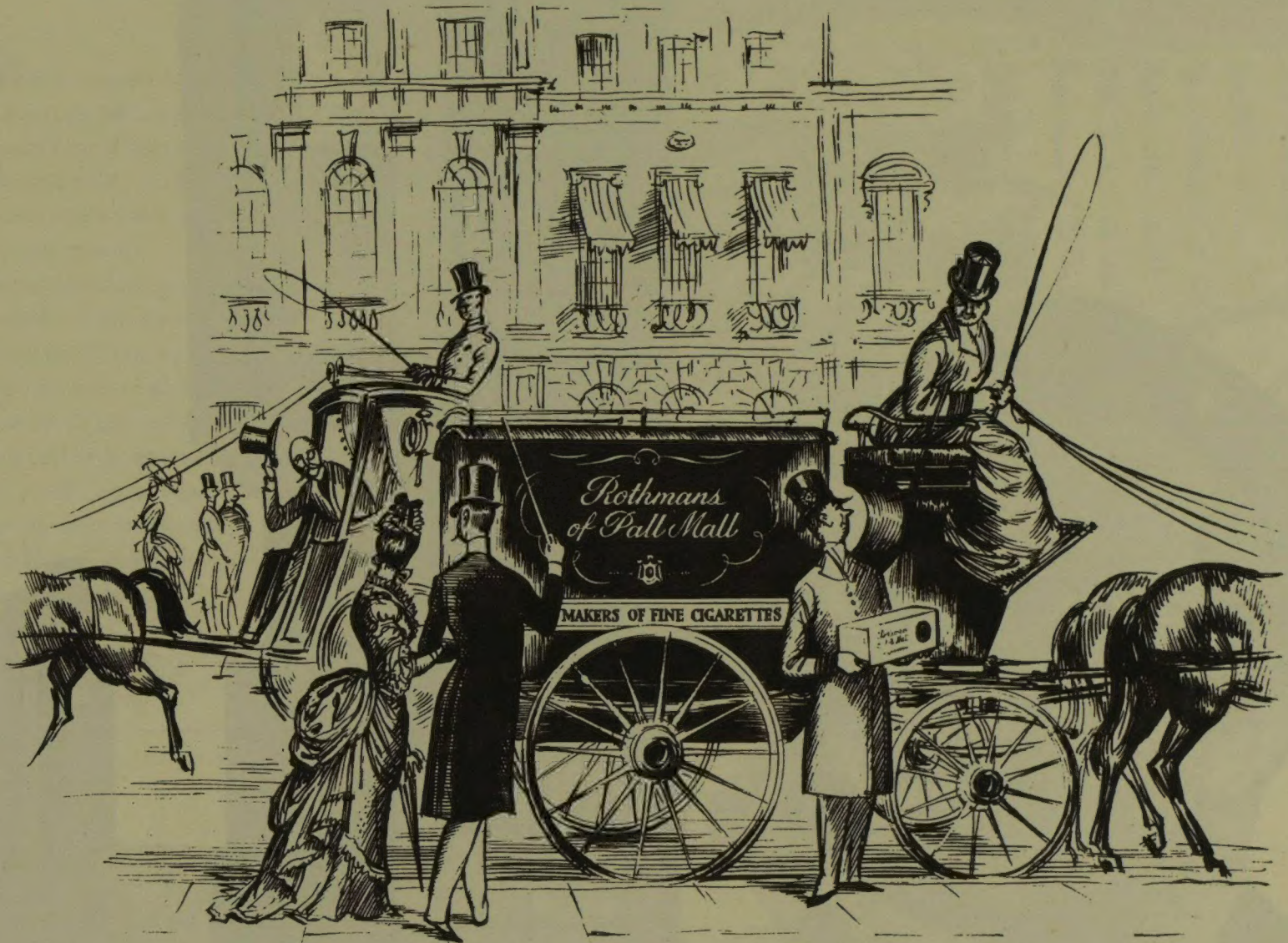
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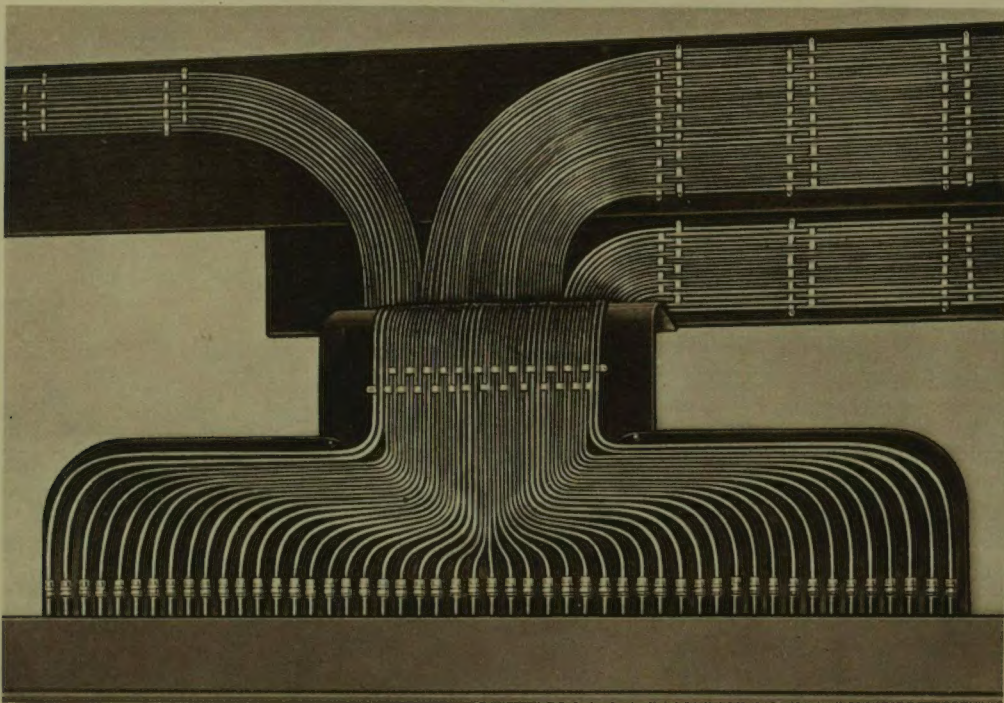
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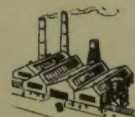
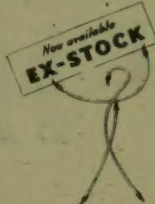
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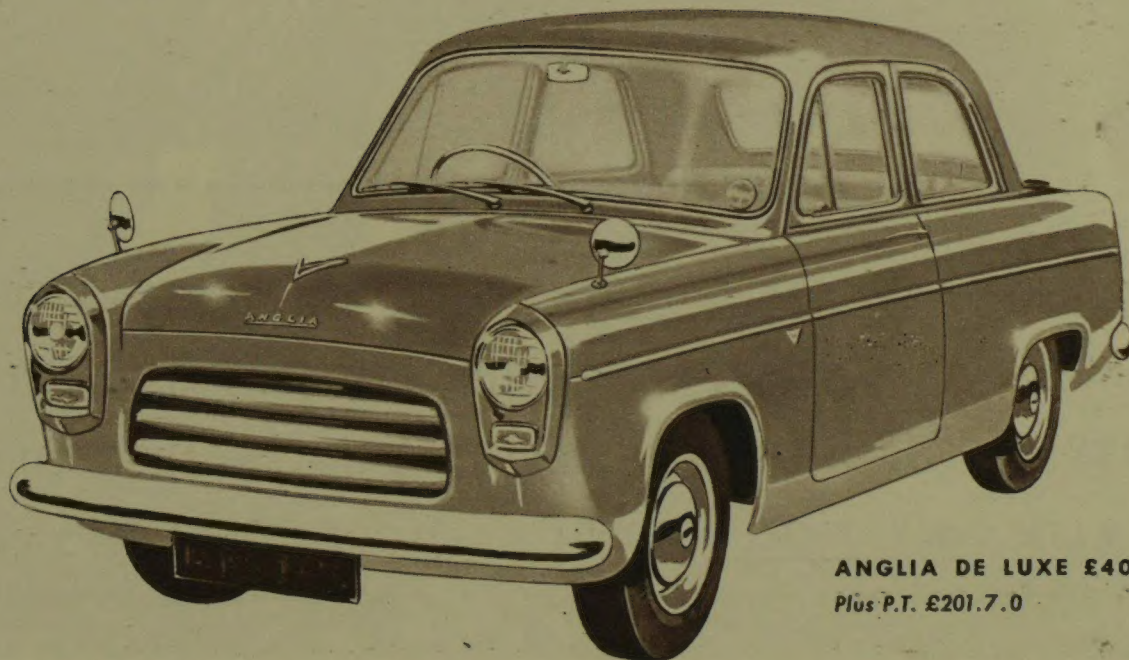
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SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1957.



A NEW EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON: BY HERBERT HASELTINE; AND (INSET) A PORTRAIT BY REMBRANDT PEALE, ON WHICH THE LIKENESS WAS BASED.

We show the full-size equestrian statue—one-quarter larger than life—of George Washington which is to be unveiled in the Close of Washington Cathedral at Mount St. Alban, Washington, D.C., this year. The donor of the statue is the late Mr. James Sheldon, who was most anxious that for this statue George Washington should be mounted on the famous American racehorse, *Man o' War*—a suggestion with which Mr. Haseltine enthusiastically concurred, as *Man o' War's* type, with his faultless conformation, broad chest and wonderful bone, would have made an ideal officer's charger; and this is

[Continued opposite.



[Continued.]

the origin of Mr. Haseltine's own description of the statue: "The Greatest American on the Greatest American Horse." The head is based on several portraits by Charles Peale and his son, Rembrandt Peale, and shows Washington in vigorous manhood. For a long time Mr. Haseltine had great difficulty in finding a model for the saddle, but eventually Sir James Mann, Master of the Armouries and Director of the Wallace Collection, found a sealed package which contained a late eighteenth-century officer's saddle which had belonged to the Duke of Wellington; and it is known that Washington used English horse furniture and this, therefore, provided an excellent model. A bronze statuette of *Aureole* by Mr. Haseltine which was recently presented to the Queen is reproduced in colour in this issue.

(Photograph by L. Debretagne, of Paris.)

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"PET must go, or you may lose your home," the headline read; below it the photograph of a child fondling a terrier and of her mother smiling at them. The dog had the kind of face that dogs of spirit and intelligence acquire when they have a particularly happy and assured home and a great deal of human love; he looked both loving and active, which is how a dog should look. Dogs and women have this in common, that they thrive on love, the consciousness of it affecting their appearances and giving them a special kind of look, which is how I should like to think we all shall look in Paradise if ever we get there. Neither men nor cats nor horses nor birds, nor any other creature that I have known, seem to be transfigured in this way by the awareness of love; their feelings may be as strong but they don't show it. But one look at a dog's eyes, expression and coat will tell me or anyone who knows and understands dogs whether he has a happy home, that is a home in which he is not only fed and disciplined but cherished and loved.

There could be no doubt that the dog in the picture was. He was described in the letter-press beneath his photograph as a roan-coloured mongrel terrier three years old, and he reminded me of the indomitable stray, rough-haired terrier who entered my life so unexpectedly on the Cornish cliffs on a day of Atlantic sun and wind fifteen years ago, and who, after fourteen years of mutual love and happiness, left it, so far as mortal sight and touch are concerned, on a dark day of parting close on a year ago. Those who have never partaken of the mysterious union that can bind a dog to humankind and vice versa will not understand how much a dog can mean to those who love him, how much he can enrich their lives and how irreparable his loss can be. Which brings me to the story which the headline and photograph in the Press—that invaluable defender of private liberties—made public. A widow who lives in an L.C.C. flat, several years ago gave a puppy to her little daughter. The dog and the child became inseparable, but a short while ago someone on the housing estate complained that the dog was a nuisance—it had been heard barking, it was alleged, and had been seen digging on the lawns—and as a result the child's mother was informed by the L.C.C. Housing Department that an essential condition of the tenancy of her flat was being broken and that the "no dogs" rule, which seems to be inserted nowadays into so many council tenancies, would have to be enforced against her. Unless she got rid of her daughter's pet, she was told, she might have to quit her home.

That, at least, is the story as the newspaper told it,\* and, as the date for the dog's obligatory dismissal from his home was given as July 31, the sands of happiness for two human beings and one dog appear to be running out very fast. The reporter who covered the story testified that the animal, whose name is *Peter*, is a great favourite with all the other children on the estate and that he seemed to be both quiet and gentle, that he greeted him wagging his tail and that he did not even bark when he rang the bell. The probability, I have little doubt, is that the majority of those who live in the estate like the dog and have no wish to see either him or his owners turned out, and those who have complained constitute a small minority. But

authorities and, because of it, the disproportionate attention paid by their officers to such complaints.

I know that the public-spirited men and women who represent the community on the London County Council and similar bodies throughout the country, and the officials who work under them and administer the rules they make, are kindly and sympathetic human beings, anxious not to oppress their fellow-subjects but to aid and serve them. But this rule about dogs, placing, as it does, council tenants in a lower category of freedom than that of other occupants of house property, is a serious matter and needs to be interpreted—if it is to be regarded as necessary at all—in a particularly humane and liberal

manner. The partnership between man and dog is one that goes back to the very beginnings of recorded time; the dog has made himself, as no other creature, dependent not only on man's will but on man's affection, and is capable of returning what man gives him with a loyalty and devotion equal, if not superior, to man's own. "The Almighty," wrote Walter Scott, "who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe—remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take his life by false accusations, but you cannot make a hound tear his benefactor." This I believe to be true. Millions of men and women in successive generations have entered into this partnership and have secured, in their



"THERE COULD BE NO DOUBT THAT THE DOG . . . WAS NOT ONLY FED AND DISCIPLINED BUT CHERISHED AND LOVED":  
*PETER*, WITH HIS MISTRESSES, MRS. THOMPSON AND HER DAUGHTER CAROL.

Our photograph shows those most closely concerned in the story Sir Arthur Bryant tells and discusses on this page. Mrs. Thompson is a widow and the tenant of an L.C.C. flat on the White City Estate, Shepherd's Bush; and three years ago she gave her daughter Carol (who is now eleven) *Peter*, the mongrel terrier which has now lived happily with them ever since. Now, thanks to some person's report, they are confronted with a "no dogs" rule; and face the choice of losing their friend or their home.

unfortunately, as in all such matters, those who approve or are indifferent are unvoiced, and have no way of bringing corporate pressure on authority; those who object, on the other hand, are, in the nature of things, vehement and loud in complaint, and public authorities are naturally notoriously susceptible to pressure of this kind. To some people—five, let us say, in every hundred—dogs are unattractive, noisy, unhygienic animals who ought to be kept, if at all, in a kennel for the sole object of keeping down vermin or baying down burglars, and whose presence in a block of flats subsidised by the ratepayer and taxpayer seems a constant affront. In fact, they are competitors for the public largesse collected from the ratepayer and taxpayer and distributed by their representatives and servants to those in need or assumed need, including—which is the gist of the matter—the complainers themselves, and ought, therefore, to be rigidly excluded from any share in it. Hence the vehemence of the complaints that reach the Housing Departments of public

own estimation at least, both happiness and increased understanding from doing so. The educative effects on a child's heart and mind of having a dog to care for and love can be inestimable; few things are so productive of a sense of responsibility, which is the most important of all lessons a child can learn. Because the incidence of taxation and equalising legislation is causing an ever larger proportion of the population to be dependent on public-aided activity for their homes there is no reason why our children, most of whom are town-dwellers, should be deprived of a source of so much pleasure and value. Most important of all, when love—that most precious of all things—has developed between man and dog, it is wrong and an offence against humanity and against the spirit that both transcends and informs humanity to use authority, without the most compelling need, to order anyone to choose between being turned out of house and home or betraying that love. I hope that in the case of the dog *Peter*, the L.C.C. authorities will be both kind and wise.



## THE QUEEN IN YORKSHIRE AND ON MERSEYSIDE.



DURING HER YORKSHIRE TOUR: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AT CATTERICK WITH HER COUSIN, THE DUKE OF KENT, A SUBALTERN IN THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS.



WHILE AN OFFICER HOLDS AN UMBRELLA OVER HER, THE QUEEN LOOKS DOWN FROM A HIGH DAIS AT CATTERICK ON ONE OF THE CENTURION TANKS SHE INSPECTED DURING HER VISIT.

## ROYAL OCCASIONS; AND POLO AT COWDRAY.



ARRIVING FOR HER MERSEYSIDE VISIT: THE QUEEN AT CHESTER STATION SHAKES HANDS WITH LORD LEVERHULME.



WALKING THROUGH CROWDS OF WORKPEOPLE, UNDAUNTED BY THE RAIN, THE QUEEN CARRIES HER UMBRELLA AS SHE ENTERS THE PORT SUNLIGHT FACTORY.



FINDING OUT HOW SOAP IS MANUFACTURED: QUEEN ELIZABETH TALKS WITH THE CHIEF SOAP-MAKER AS SHE EXAMINES ONE OF THE HUGE VATS AT PORT SUNLIGHT.



AT THE GREAT YORKSHIRE SHOW AT HARROGATE: THE QUEEN PRESENTS THE PRINCESS ROYAL RIDING HUNTER CUP.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH RECEIVING FROM LADY COWDRAY THE COWDRAY GOLD CUP, WHICH HIS POLO TEAM, WINDSOR PARK, HAD JUST WON . . .



. . . AND DRINKING CHAMPAGNE FROM THE CUP, IN CUSTOMARY STYLE, AFTER RECEIVING IT. THE DUKE'S TEAM BEAT CASAREJO BY FIVE GOALS TO THREE.

On July 10 and 11 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh paid brief visits to Yorkshire and Merseyside. On July 10 they arrived first at Catterick Camp, where her Majesty visited the three regiments of which she is Colonel-in-Chief—the Royal Scots Greys, the 16th/5th The Queen's Royal Lancers and the 7th Royal Tank Regiment; and she also visited the Royal Signals Wing. Thence they went to the Great Yorkshire Show, at Harrogate, where they were received by the Princess Royal, the Society's President. Later they proceeded to York, where rain caused the cancellation of their visit to the

mystery plays; and there they dined at the Mansion House. On the following day they arrived at Chester, and after presenting new Colours to the 1st, 4th and 7th Bns., The Cheshire Regiment, the Queen visited the Royal Infirmary and opened the new County Hall building. After this they went to Wallasey and saw the great soap works at Port Sunlight, later leaving by train for London.—On July 14 the Duke of Edinburgh was playing polo at Cowdray with his team, Windsor Park, when they won the Cowdray Gold Cup, beating Baron E. de Rothschild's team, Casarejo, by 5 to 3.



# THE QUEEN MOTHER IN RHODESIA: HIGHLIGHTS OF A CROWDED TOUR.



IN THE GARDEN OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SALISBURY: THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH THE ACTING GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE FEDERATION, SIR ROBERT TREDGOLD, AND LADY TREDGOLD.



AT THE STATE BANQUET AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, IN BULAWAYO, ON JULY 6: THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH SIR P. WILLIAM-POWLETT, GOVERNOR OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA, AND LADY WILLIAM-POWLETT.



DURING HER VISIT TO LUSAKA, IN NORTHERN RHODESIA, ON JULY 11: THE QUEEN MOTHER LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW CATHEDRAL.



AT A CIVIC GARDEN-PARTY AT SALISBURY ON JULY 5: THE QUEEN MOTHER TALKING TO SOME BOY SCOUTS AND CUBS.



IN NORTHERN RHODESIA'S COPPERBELT: THE QUEEN MOTHER BEING GREETED BY A MINER UNDERGROUND IN A COPPER MINE AT LUANSHYA.

On July 8 H.M. the Queen Mother, at the end of the first week of her visit to the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, flew from Bulawayo to Lusaka, the capital of Northern Rhodesia. On the following day she visited the Northern Rhodesia copperbelt, and during a very crowded day she spent some time underground in the Storke Shaft of the Roan Antelope Mine at Luanshya. Her Majesty later drove to Kitwe, where she stayed as the guest of Mrs. Harry Oppenheimer and the Rhokana Corporation. On July 10 the



ANOTHER ENGAGEMENT DURING HER VISIT TO THE COPPERBELT ON JULY 9: THE QUEEN MOTHER, USING A COPPER PEN, SIGNING HER NAME AT KITWE.

Queen Mother attended a garden-party at Ndola, visited the multi-racial King George VI Memorial Camp on the Mulungushi River, fourteen miles from Broken Hill, where she had also spent some two hours, and then flew back to Lusaka. On July 12 her Majesty flew from Lusaka to Blantyre, and after a number of engagements she motored on to Zomba, the capital of Nyasaland. On the following morning the Queen Mother attended the State Baraza for Chiefs in the Zomba Gymkhana Club ground.





(Above.)  
THE OUTSTANDING ENGAGEMENT OF THE QUEEN MOTHER'S VISIT: THE GENERAL SCENE AT THE OPENING CEREMONY OF THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND AT SALISBURY ON JULY 5.

THE outstanding engagement during the Queen Mother's visit to Salisbury, the Federal capital, in Southern Rhodesia, of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, where she arrived at the start of her two-week visit to the Federation on July 2, was the opening of the multi-racial University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland on July 5. During the ceremony, at which her Majesty was installed as first President, several speakers acclaimed the essentially multi-racial character of the new University College. In striking contrast to this occasion was the Indaba held in honour of the Queen Mother three days later, in the Matopos Hills, 29 miles south of Bulawayo.

THE QUEEN MOTHER IN RHODESIA:  
THE INDABA AND OTHER CEREMONIES.



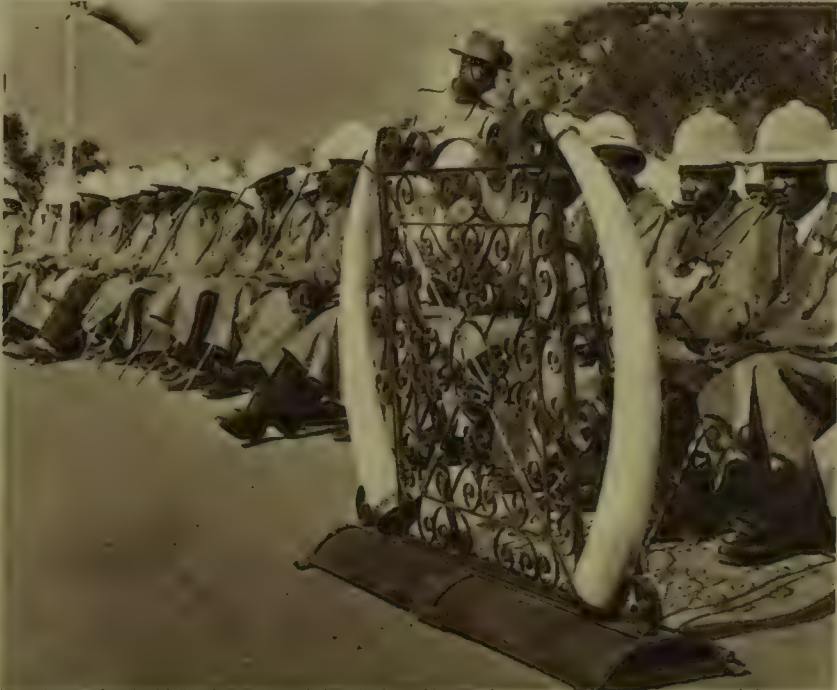
IMMEDIATELY AFTER HER INSTALLATION AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND: THE QUEEN MOTHER ACKNOWLEDGING THE OVATION.



IN THE SUPERB SETTING OF THE MATOPOS HILLS, OUTSIDE BULAWAYO: THE TRIBAL INDABA HELD IN HONOUR OF THE QUEEN MOTHER ON JULY 8.



IN BULAWAYO ON JULY 6: HER MAJESTY UNVEILING A PLAQUE TO MARK HER OPENING OF THE KING GEORGE VI MEMORIAL CENTRE FOR PHYSICALLY HANDICAPPED CHILDREN.



AT THE INDABA IN THE MATOPOS HILLS: A WROUGHT-IRON SCREEN, SUPPORTED BY ELEPHANT TUSKS, WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN MOTHER BY THE TRIBES.



THE nightmare of the weekly writer, especially if he writes for an illustrated periodical, is that something will happen between press day and publication to give the lie to what he has written, and perhaps even to make nonsense of it. I have generally been lucky in this respect and have also been privileged in having a late press day. Even now I do not think that anything I wrote last week about the downfall of Molotov, Kaganovich, and Malenkov is nonsense; but immediately after it was out of my reach the drama took another and far more sensational turn. There was nothing sensational about the earlier announcements. Sensations began only when Khrushchev went to Leningrad and told the story from his personal point of view.

This new version gave the business a much more sinister air. I should not have spoken of gradual progress towards what we look on as civilisation if I had had that speech before me when I was writing, though it is still possible that such progress will take place. The picture conjured up by the Khrushchev version of what had happened was that of a struggle of wild beasts, or the assassination of a wounded robber by his accomplices to prevent disclosures to the police. All the old atmosphere, tainted with the smell of blood, seemed to be re-created, even though, up till now and so far as we know, blood has not been shed over this affair. It may not come to that, but there is enough malice and hatred about to bring back the hideous past.

It will be recalled that the charge brought against these men was one of obstruction; that is, rearguard opposition to the new era which had replaced Stalinism. It will also be remembered that the announcement spoke of the action of Molotov and Kaganovich in this matter, and went on to say that Malenkov joined them in their obstruction, political and economic. Malenkov appeared a less important figure than the other two. But at Leningrad it was another matter. There Khrushchev added nothing to the announcement of the Central Committee as regards Molotov and Kaganovich, but he made an attack of extreme violence on Malenkov on entirely different and far more serious grounds. In fact, were these accusations true and established, Malenkov would merit the severest penalty—and Russia has not abolished the death penalty.

The heaviest charge against him was that he was responsible for what is called the "Leningrad Affair" of 1949, an abominable and bestial series of underground purges. He was also accused of responsibility for the killing of an individual practically unknown outside Russia, but of a certain importance in the Communist hierarchy, one Voznessensky, executed in 1951 on grounds no better and no worse than were usual in the Stalin period. It would be absurd to attempt to estimate whether or not there was any truth in these charges. If there is, the law—for what the name is worth in Soviet Russia—ought surely to be invoked, and the suggestion that Malenkov is suitable for another official appointment, however humble by comparison with those he formerly held, becomes a mockery.

What most astonished British observers in the original announcement was the name of Malenkov in this galley, and this was particularly true of

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### THE PLOT THICKENS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

those who had met him socially on his visit to this country. They were not astonished to hear that Molotov and Kaganovich were obstructionists. But, as I wrote last week, Malenkov's record was different. Again, those who have tried to follow recent Russian history would not have been astonished to be told that Molotov and Kaganovich had run the Leningrad Affair. After all, they had always been regarded as purgers. But no, it is not these men, these habitual purgers, executioners, and associates of

is what your idol really is." Whether or not Khrushchev's version is believed will probably depend on how this propaganda looks a month or two hence, rather than upon its effect to-day. But, surely, if Malenkov is *not* put on trial, even the most faithful followers of Khrushchev will think it a bit odd.

My justification of the use of the word "sinister" earlier in this article is that the evidence to date suggests a possible effort on the part of Khrushchev to revive the institution of dictatorship in his own person. After the debunking of Stalin all the wiseacres over here proclaimed that Russia had got beyond the stage when she could be run by a single man with all the power in his hands, and that henceforth rule would be, though not democratic, at least a composite effort. Their arguments seemed reasonable to me and I supported them. They have not yet been proved wrong, but one cannot repeat them with the confidence with which they were first advanced. In any event, the Khrushchev oration seems to be one more warning against being too optimistic or gullible where developments in Russia are concerned. We all sin in this respect—perhaps because we cannot bear to think too badly of our fellow men—and are again and again reminded of our errors.

Perhaps the most encouraging element is that there are some hints of an increase in the power of public opinion. If Khrushchev is strong enough to strike down these three men, he is also, one would suppose, strong enough to have brought the one he hates particularly, Malenkov, before a secret court. Secret trials have been common in the past when involving matters better not aired in public. The Beria trial was secret, perhaps because it might in some way have infringed security. But at the time of writing—hoping that I am not going to be proved wrong by events once again—there seems to be no prospect of anything of the sort. If it does not come off, it will not be unreasonable to infer that the likely effect on public opinion has been the objection to it.

The general impression made by Khrushchev's so-called disclosures is different from that made by the announcement of the Central Committee. The latter indicated only something like growing pains. The significance of what Khrushchev had to say is rather of convulsions. These represent a more primitive stage in revolutionary society and for the free world a more dangerous one. The consolidation of the revolution does not appear to have gone as far as we were inclined to suppose. Some desperate struggles remain to be fought out, and this may be a process taking a couple of years or even more.

What form they will take and how they will be decided will depend largely on the Army and on the whole body of Soviet youth. In the long run the decisive influence will be the latter. We know it is stirring and less inclined than it was to accept ready-tailored opinions. We do not know to what extent generosity of spirit has been cut off at the roots by the scalpel of Communism; we do not even know whether it is possible to do such a thing on a nation-wide scale. But I must conclude in humility that I will be more cautious in my prophecies concerning the affairs of the Soviet Union in future.



NANA SAHIB, A NOTORIOUS PERSONALITY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY: AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT



A PORTRAIT WRONGLY CAPTIONED NANA SAHIB FROM OUR ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 26, 1857.

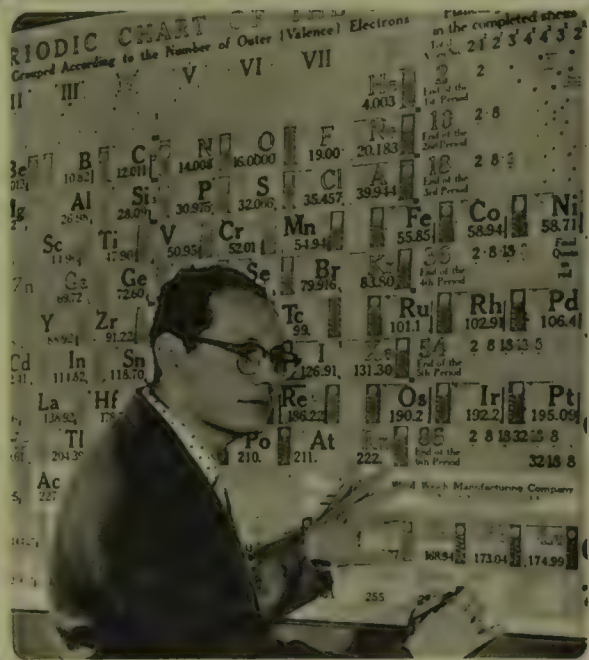
The difficulties of obtaining portraits for *The Illustrated London News* a hundred years ago have recently been emphasised. In our issue of May 18, on a page commemorating the centenary of the start of the Indian Mutiny, two portraits which we first published in 1857 were again reproduced. According to the original captions the two portraits were of Nana Sahib, a notorious personality of the Mutiny, and General Nicholson, who played a leading part in the recapture of Delhi. It has since been found that neither portrait is that of the person mentioned in the caption. The portrait said to be of General Nicholson is, in fact, one of a senior army officer, and an acknowledgment of this error and a correct portrait were published in our issue of December 5, 1857. The amusing story of how the error arose in the case of Nana Sahib is told in Chapter 8 of W. Forbes-Mitchell's "Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny." No correction of this error appears to have been published by us, however. When Nana Sahib came into the news during the Mutiny it became necessary to obtain a portrait of him quickly. None could be found in London and to have one sent from India would have taken weeks. Our artist, regrettably, settled for a portrait of a wealthy Indian in the possession of a London lawyer. Belatedly, after 100 years, we apologise for this inaccuracy.

purgers and executioners, who have had fresh crimes brought up against them by Khrushchev. It is the relatively mild Malenkov.

What is the inference? Surely it is fairly safe to say that much the same view prevailed in Russia, that at all events a fair proportion of thinking people were, like us, disinclined to believe these charges against him. "You credulous fools," Khrushchev retorts in effect, "you don't know the half. I will show you what he really is and has been. You think he would not be guilty of a matter such as obstruction. I tell you, here in Leningrad itself, that he was the evil genius of the purges of which people still speak with awe. Here



# A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



**UNITED STATES.** POINTING TO THE PLACE OCCUPIED ON A CHART BY THE NEW ELEMENT "102": MR. PAUL R. FIELDS, AN AMERICAN SCIENTIST CONCERNED IN ITS DISCOVERY. On July 9, the Nobel Institute announced the discovery of a new element, the 102nd, named "Nobelium," by a team of Swedish, British and American scientists. It was made by bombarding curium (element 96) with accelerated carbon ions.



**MOROCCO.** KISSING THE HAND OF HIS FATHER: THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO'S ELDEST SON, PRINCE MOULAY HASSAN, WHO WAS INSTALLED AS HEREDITARY CROWN PRINCE ON JULY 9.



**EGYPT.** ON HIS HOMEWARD JOURNEY FROM LONDON: THE INDIAN PRIME MINISTER, MR. NEHRU, BEING GREETED BY PRESIDENT NASSER ON HIS ARRIVAL IN CAIRO ON JULY 10. On his way home from the Commonwealth Conference Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, made an official visit to Egypt and the Sudan. During his stay in Egypt he had talks with Colonel Nasser.



(Left.) **OFF BRAZIL.** ABLAZE OFF THE ABROLHOS ISLANDS, BRAZIL: THE 7324-TON SWEDISH CARGO SHIP LA PLATA, WHICH CAUGHT FIRE ON JULY 7, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A LIFEBOAT. THE CREW AND PASSENGERS WERE PICKED UP BY AN AMERICAN VESSEL.

(Right.) **UNITED STATES.** THE FIRST RELEASED PHOTOGRAPH OF A DOUGLAS NIKE MISSILE BATTERY INSTALLATION IN AN UNDISCLOSED LOCALITY IN THE UNITED STATES.



**SWITZERLAND.** IN THE GROUNDS OF HIS GRANDFATHER'S VILLA NEAR GENEVA: PRINCE KARIM, SEATED AMONG SOME OF HIS FOLLOWERS, AT THE CEREMONY ON JULY 14, IN WHICH HE WAS INSTALLED AS AGA KHAN IV AND IMAM.

On July 12, the day after the death of H.H. the Aga Khan III, his eldest grandson, Prince Karim, nineteen-year-old elder son of Prince Aly Khan, was officially named as his successor. A statement issued on behalf of the family stated: "Prince Karim Aga Khan, eldest grandson of the Aga Khan, has been nominated by the Aga Khan as his successor as Imam of the Shiah Muslim Ismaili community." In his will the Aga Khan wrote

SELECTED BY HIS GRANDFATHER AS THE FIFTIETH HEAD OF THE ISMAILI COMMUNITY: PRINCE KARIM, THE AGA KHAN IV.

that he felt it would be best for the community in the present world conditions if he were succeeded "by a young man who has been brought up and developed during the recent years and in the midst of the new age, and who brings a new outlook to his high office as Imam." Two days later, in the grounds of the villa near Geneva where his grandfather had died, the new Aga Khan was officially installed in his office.





## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



(Above.)  
U.S.A. AFTER TURNING  
PROFESSIONAL: LEW HOAD,  
THE WIMBLEDON CHAMPION  
(RIGHT CENTRE), WITH  
J. KRAMER (RIGHT) AT  
FOREST HILLS, NEW YORK.

L. A. Hoad, of Australia, who won the amateur championship at Wimbledon for the second time in succession this year, turned professional after his victory, by joining Kramer's professional team in the U.S.A., and in doing so broke a written agreement with the Australian L.T.A. He played his first professional match at Forest Hills on July 14 when, before a crowd of over 6000, he defeated his fellow Australian and the former title holder, F. Sedgman, 6-3, 6-4, 6-4. Hoad was to have played in the Davis Cup games and championships this season.

(Right.)  
U.S.A. AFTER HER HEART-  
WARMING WELCOME TO NEW  
YORK: MAYFLOWER II,  
DWARFED IN THIS AERIAL  
PHOTOGRAPH, AT HER  
BERTH, WHERE SHE HAS  
ALREADY BEEN VISITED BY  
THOUSANDS OF AMERICAN  
SIGHTSEERS.



U.S.A. LISTENING TO MR. BILLY GRAHAM, THE EVANGELIST (RIGHT), WHO HAS RECENTLY COMPLETED A BIG CAMPAIGN IN THE CITY: A HUGE CROWD AT THE INTERSECTION OF WALL STREET AND BROAD STREET, NEW YORK, ON JULY 10.



U.S.A. THE FIRST OFFICIAL FLAG OF THE U.S. ARMY: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, SECOND FROM THE RIGHT, RECEIVING THIS AT A PRESENTATION CEREMONY AT THE WHITE HOUSE, ON JULY 10. FLYING WITH THE FLAG ARE 145 BATTLE STREAMERS.



CANADA. THE WORK OF A TORNADO: A COTTAGE AT NAN-TYR BEACH, SOUTHERN ONTARIO, MOVED 40 FT. FROM ITS FOUNDATIONS (RIGHT). On July 5 a tornado struck a cottage colony at Nan-Tyr Beach, in the Lake Simcoe resort area of Belle Ewart, South Ontario, destroying one unoccupied cottage and moving another, also unoccupied, 40 ft. almost intact. No serious injuries were reported. There was a worse tornado in the area three days before.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



GLOUCESTER HILL, KOREA. UNVEILED ON JUNE 29: THE MEMORIAL COMMEMORATING THE HEROIC STAND OF THE 1ST BATTALION THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT AND C TROOP, 170 LIGHT MORTAR BATTERY, R.A., DURING THE BATTLE OF SOLMA-RI, FROM APRIL 22 TO 25, 1951.



ABOUT TO UNVEIL THE MEMORIAL: THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO SOUTH KOREA, MR. HUBERT EVANS, PULLING THE TAPE TO REMOVE THE FLAGS.



AFTER PLACING HIS WREATH ON THE MEMORIAL: BRIGADIER V. W. BARLOW, THE COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH FORCES IN KOREA, SALUTING.



ADDRESSING THOSE GATHERED FOR THE CEREMONY: GENERAL I. D. WHITE, COMMANDING GENERAL OF THE UNITED NATIONS AND THE 8TH U.S. ARMY IN KOREA, WHO PAID A GLOWING TRIBUTE TO THE MEN WHO FOUGHT ON GLOUCESTER HILL.



CAPTAIN DAVID HOULDSWORTH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT, THE ONLY MAN PRESENT AT THE CEREMONY WHO FOUGHT IN THE BATTLE COMMEMORATED, SPEAKING TO BISHOP T. QUINLAN, WHO WAS A PRISONER OF THE COMMUNISTS.

One of the most epic actions of the Korean War—the four-day-long stand against overwhelming odds of the 1st Battalion the Gloucestershire Regiment and C Troop, 170 Light Mortar Battery, R.A., on a strategic hill north of Seoul in April 1951—was commemorated on June 29, when the British Ambassador to Korea, Mr. Hubert Evans,

unveiled the memorial erected at the foot of Gloucester Hill. The Royal Sussex Regiment provided a guard of honour and the regimental band. During the laying of the wreaths, Mrs. Evans laid a tribute from Colonel J. P. Carne, V.C., who commanded the Gloucestershire Regiment in this memorable action in the Imjin River Battle.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



**JAPAN.** AFTER A SIMPLE WEDDING CEREMONY: WILLIAM GIRARD, THE U.S. SOLDIER ACCUSED OF SHOOTING A JAPANESE WOMAN, WITH HIS JAPANESE BRIDE CUTTING THEIR CAKE. On July 5 William Girard married his Japanese fiancée, Haru Sueyama, in a military chapel at Camp Whittington, 40 miles north of Tokyo. On July 11 the U.S. Supreme Court decided that Girard, who is accused of shooting a Japanese woman while on guard duty, should be delivered to the Japanese authorities for trial.



**WEST BERLIN.** UNIVERSITY STUDENTS STAGING A "SIT-DOWN" STRIKE IN THE MAIN STREETS, AS A DEMONSTRATION AGAINST THE INADEQUACY OF THE CURRENT STATE SUBSIDY FOR SCIENCE AND RESEARCH.



**VENEZUELA.** CROWDS LINING THE AVENUE OF HEROES, IN CARACAS, TO WATCH THE MILITARY PARADE CELEBRATING THE 146TH YEAR OF NATIONAL FREEDOM.



**VENEZUELA.** THE TOWERS OF HONOUR AT THE END OF THE AVENUE OF HEROES, IN CARACAS, WITH STATUES OF VENEZUELA'S GREAT MEN.



**WEST GERMANY.** WILLIAM TELL AND HIS SON REFUSE TO SALUTE GESSLER'S HAT: A SCENE FROM SCHILLER'S "WILLIAM TELL" BEING REHEARSED ON THE LORELEI ROCK ABOVE THE RHINE.



**JORDAN.** SHORTLY BEFORE THE BRITISH WITHDRAWAL FROM AKABA: THE JORDANIAN COMMANDER INSPECTS BRITISH TROOPS.



**JORDAN.** THE LAST BRITISH SOLDIER TO LEAVE AKABA: COLONEL CORDY-SIMPSON, COMMANDER OF THE GARRISON, EMBARKING. On July 6 the last British troops left the Red Sea base at Akaba. The withdrawal took place ten weeks before the time-limit agreed when the Anglo-Jordan Treaty was ended in March, and terminated an association with Jordan which had lasted over thirty years. The 250 British troops embarked in the troopship *Devonshire*.





A GREAT SPIRITUAL LEADER AND A VITAL FIGURE IN THE HARMONY BETWEEN EAST AND WEST: THE AGA KHAN, WHO DIED ON JULY 11, SEEN HERE WITH THE BEGUM AGA KHAN IN THEIR FRENCH VILLA.

His Highness the Aga Sultan Sir Mahomed Shah, Aga Khan III, died at his home near Geneva on July 11, aged seventy-nine. He was descended in the direct line from Fatima, daughter of the Prophet Mohammed, and at the age of eight he succeeded his father as Imam of the Ismailis, being the forty-ninth spiritual head of this Islamic sect, which numbers some ten to twelve millions. He was the third holder of the title of Aga Khan, which had been conferred on his grandfather, a political exile from Persia, by Queen Victoria. A Persian by descent, the Aga Khan belonged first to India but was essentially a citizen of the world. He knew the leading figures of both East and West and his forceful and princely personality made a vital link in the relations between Asia and the West. Throughout his life the Aga Khan was a strong supporter of the interests and ideals of the British Commonwealth and Empire. When

war broke out in 1914 he ensured that his Ismaili followers would remain loyal to the British Crown, and he was entrusted with a number of secret missions of great importance. The Aga Khan played a vital rôle in Turkey's recovery after the 1914-18 War, in the development of independence for India and Pakistan and in many aspects of the politics and welfare of the Middle East. He was at home in many countries and in England he enthusiastically pursued his great interest in horse racing. Five times winner of the Derby, he was an outstanding owner-breeder who will long rank as one of the great figures of the Turf, and who often headed the list of winning owners in this country. In recent years the Aga Khan had been suffering from prolonged ill health, and he was devotedly nursed by his fourth wife, formerly Mlle. Yvette Larbousse, whom he had married in 1944.





NEAR THE TOWN OF NEDROMAH, IN THE PROVINCE OF ORAN, ALGERIA: A COLOUR CEREMONY PERFORMED BY MEN OF THE *ARMÉE DE LIBÉRATION NATIONALE*, WHICH FORMS THE HARD CORE OF THE ALGERIAN NATIONALIST MOVEMENT.

# FROM BEHIND THE REBEL LINES IN ALGERIA: PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE INSURGENTS' ARMY.



CARRYING LIGHT MACHINE-GUNS AND MODERN RIFLES: A PLATOON OF REBEL SOLDIERS SOMEWHERE IN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS.



A REBEL ARMY INSTRUCTION CLASS: AN OFFICER DEMONSTRATES HOW TO DISMANTLE A FRENCH AUTOMATIC RIFLE.



ON PARADE IN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS: ALGERIAN REBELS SAID TO BE ARMED WITH AMERICAN WEAPONS CAPTURED FROM FRENCH FORCES IN ALGERIA.

THE Algerian rebel army is not a large force but its activities are pinning down in Algeria a French army over ten times its own size. It is said to number between twenty and thirty thousand and a selection of its armaments is shown in these photographs which were taken by two photographers who quite recently spent some time among the rebels. Its morale is said to be good, and, in spite of French precautions, it receives reinforcements from the neighbouring countries, Morocco and Tunisia. Some parts of Algeria, which is a very vast country, are completely controlled by the rebels. The bitter struggle which has been going on since November 1954 shows no signs of abating. The new French Government is continuing the military policy of its predecessor, and M. Lacoste has been retained as the Minister Resident. Offers to the rebels of a cease-fire have always come to nothing since

(Continued opposite.)



A LONE VIGIL IN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS: AN ALGERIAN REBEL SOLDIER KEEPING A LOOK-OUT FOR FRENCH AIRCRAFT LAST WINTER.



EATING FROM A COMMUNAL BOWL IN THE TRADITIONAL ARAB FASHION: MEN OF THE ALGERIAN REBEL ARMY AT MEAL TIME.



WOMEN NURSES WHO TEND THE SICK AND WOUNDED OF THE REBEL ARMY. THERE ARE ALSO WOMEN'S UNITS FIGHTING AGAINST THE FRENCH FORCES.



WEAPONS WHICH HAVE BEEN MUCH USED BY THE REBEL ARMY AGAINST FRENCH SPOTTER AIRCRAFT: LEWIS GUNS.



TENDING THE WOUNDED REBELS: A DOCTOR WHO WAS FORMERLY A FRENCH SOLDIER.



TREATING A LEG WOUND: THE EQUIPMENT USED BY THIS DOCTOR WITH THE ALGERIAN NATIONALIST ARMY IS VERY SIMPLE. HE STERILISES HIS INSTRUMENTS IN BURNING ALCOHOL.



AT A CAMP IN NORTHERN ALGERIA: REBEL SOLDIERS BEING ISSUED WITH TINNED SARDINES WHICH APPEARED FREQUENTLY ON THE MENU OF THIS UNIT.



HIGH IN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS: A REBEL SENTRY, WEARING ON HIS SLEEVE THE REBEL BADGE.

(Continued) the rebels insist that France must first agree to Algerian independence. No French Government can afford to do this at present. Two of the most important considerations from the French point of view are the French settlers in Algeria, who number about 1,200,000 (as compared with the Arab and Berber population of about nine million), and the oil and other materials which France hopes to win from the Sahara. The hope of finally suppressing the rebel army and the apparent impossibility of opening negotiations with representatives of the Algerian national liberation front are forcing the French Government to continue this tragic campaign, the cost of which is proving a very heavy burden. The violence in Algeria is not confined to the two opposing forces; in the towns there is now hatred between the French and Algerian communities which has led to racial riots, and any efforts towards co-operation with the French by Algerians are frequently followed by savage reprisals from the rebel forces against their fellow-countrymen.





DURING THE DINNER INTERVAL AT GLYNDEBOURNE: SOME OF THE AUDIENCE IN THE MIDDLE WALLOP DINING-HALL. MRS. PANDIT, HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR INDIA, IS ON THE RIGHT.



A DELIGHTFUL AND PICTURESCUE FEATURE OF GLYNDEBOURNE: PICNICKERS IN THE CAR-PARK, WITH THE OPERA HOUSE AND THE SUSSEX DOWNS BEHIND THEM.

#### A UNIQUE COMBINATION OF FINE OPERA AND ELEGANT LIVING IN A BEAUTIFUL SUSSEX

A visit to the Glyndebourne Festival Opera is a very complete experience perfect in all its details. Coming to this beautiful corner of Sussex by car or train, most of the elegantly-dressed audience (evening dress is "recommended") arrive early, and a stroll in the garden or house quickly brings them into the right mood. The beauty of Glyndebourne is absolutely without

frills. The founder, Mr. John Christie, C.H., and the late Mrs. Christie (Audrey Mildmay) have moulded the opera into their lovely home, and in some ways the gracefully laid-out gardens are just as important as the austere but efficient auditorium. Eminent artists and musicians from all over the world come to Glyndebourne to give of their best each day to audiences of



DURING A PERFORMANCE OF ROSSINI'S "L'ITALIANA IN ALGERI", THE AUDITORIUM AT GLYNDEBOURNE. THE CEILING WAS RECENTLY REBUILT TO BREAK UP AND SCATTER THE SOUND.



REHEARSING IN THE GREEN ROOM: MR. JOHN CHRISTIE, FOUNDER AND PRESIDING GENIUS OF GLYNDEBOURNE, WATCHES FROM THE WINDOW-SEAT AS JANI STRASSER, HEAD OF THE MUSIC STAFF, TAKES FOUR OF THE PRINCIPALS IN VERDI'S "FALSTAFF" THROUGH THEIR PARTS.

#### SETTING: THE GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA—NOW IN ITS 16TH SUCCESSFUL SEASON.

some 800, also including many international figures in their ranks. The operas, sung in their own languages, are magnificently produced—Professor Carl Ebert having been the Producer and Artistic Director at Glyndebourne since its foundation in 1934. In the 1957 season, which continues until August 13, seven operas are being performed—three by Mozart, two by

Rossini, and one each by Richard Strauss and Verdi. For those who are devoted to opera, Glyndebourne must sometimes be an almost overwhelmingly perfect experience—but there can be few in the packed auditorium at each performance who are not deeply touched by the grace and beauty of it all. (Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Juliet Pannett, S.G.A.)



## THE LIFE AND EXPLOITS OF THE SWEDISH "MATCH KING."

"THE INCREDIBLE IVAR KREUGER": By ALLEN CHURCHILL.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

IT is twenty-five years since Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish "Match King," shot himself on his bed in his Paris flat. Within eighteen months five books about him in English were published, and in Sweden, where the first biography of him was published in the year of his death, he has been the theme of a considerable literature. This continuity of acute interest is not due to the fact he was presumed to be immensely rich, and at one time probably was: there have been Croesuses in this century whose names have grown extremely dim after twenty-five years and will be as unfamiliar to the next generation as that of "Hudson, the Railway King," was to mine. It isn't due to the fact that, as the phrase goes, "he ruled a great Industrial Empire"

—which he certainly did: at one time he controlled 260 factories employing 75,000 workmen, apart from all sorts of other properties from newspapers to a gold-mine. It isn't because he lent millions of pounds to the Governments of Great Powers: these sorts of transactions do not at all interest the general public in any country in the world. It isn't because he was a great connoisseur of the Arts (some Rembrandt etchings were among his poor assets when he died) like Gulbenkian, or that he endowed any great foundation like Harkness or Carnegie or Nobel. He was self-centred as Hitler was self-centred, a man so conceited that he said towards the end that if the Germans failed him they deserved to go down the drain. But Hitler, in order to impress people with his unique personality, harangued bombastically about being "the greatest German who ever lived" and "a front-line soldier of the 1914 War"—which many millions of other men were, and it looks as though Corporal Schickelgrüber was astonished to find that he could face fire. Kreuger's technique was quite other. As soon as he had begun building up his great "Match Empire" he extended his operations from country to country and his habitations from capital to capital, and impressed people not by bombast but by reserve. He partly veiled his rather reptilian eyes, he pursed his thin yet sensual lips, he spoke little, and even magnates in New York, bankers and venerable stockbrokers, thought they were in the presence of a laconic and enigmatic Financial Wizard. After all, the prices of his stocks; the rumours from Europe that he was now producing three-fifths of the matches in the world; the certainty that he had got the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour in gratitude for providing an impecunious French Government with a useful loan, were extraordinarily impressive.

None of this accounts for the continued concentration on his legend. When he died I dare swear that few people not interested in Government loans or in dealing or speculating on the Stock Exchange (except in that most honest country Sweden, where they were proud of him, and then bitterly ashamed) had ever even heard of the Match King: I frankly admit that I hadn't. Within a few days I had. Things began to leak

out gradually which suggested, in the end, that the quiet Match King had swindled on a larger scale than any criminal in the records of company promotion. The world will always be interested in the rogue who "got away with it" in a big way and ultimately received his deserts, and especially in the rogue who bamboozled the wise-ones—in this case up to the point where they realised he was not an omnipotently successful genius, but one who, because of his greedy gambling for power, was a man of straw with no more credit.

"How?" and "Why?" are the questions. The "How" about Kreuger was investigated by a horde of accountants (including English ones)

Kreuger in return for the grant of a monopoly of match manufacture and sale. Mussolini said that such a bargain had been discussed but "we were never able to come to terms."

"But," the elderly Hellner protested, 'shortly after Herr Kreuger's recent suicide we found in his private safety vaults two series of Italian notes. The first consisted of forty-two Bonds, each worth £500,000 sterling and signed by the Director-General of the Italian Government Monopolies, Giovanni Boselli. These were also guaranteed by the Kingdom of Italy, and signed by Finance Minister Antonio Mosconi. The second series consisted of five notes, each worth £1,533,700 sterling, also issued by the Italian Government Monopolies through Signor Boselli.'

"With which, he extracted from his dispatch case the £28,700,000 in notes, and placed them on Mussolini's desk. The Dictator lifted one and examined it carefully, his eyes pausing at the signature of his Finance Minister, Mosconi. Then he dropped that Bond to pick up one of the other series, studying the signatures of both Mosconi and Boselli. Suddenly he flung the Bond on his desk and leaped to his feet. 'Those signatures are forged,' he shouted in tones of outrage."

Forged they were; the desperate Kreuger had not even got Boselli's signature the same on every Bond; he varied the s's and the l's. The news leaked out. "Now the Stock Exchanges really tottered, while a wave of suicides swept over Sweden, the country that had been so proud of its Match King. In the Vatican City the Pope heard and sadly began pondering an Encyclical to be titled 'Money Is the Root of All Evil.' For if the stories coming from Stockholm were true, they pointed incontrovertibly to one hand. It was the hand of a criminal, a shadowy, two-faced figure who, as the sums linked to his name rose from millions to hundred millions to billions [I must add that in the U.S.A. a billion is a thousand million, but in the Old World a million million], could no longer be called an ordinary criminal. He was a master-criminal—an archcriminal—if all this was to be believed, the greatest

swindler the world had ever known."

And that is why one more book has been written about him. I don't notice (though I may be wrong) that Mr. Churchill has contributed many new facts to the Kreuger legend. In the modern manner he tries to contribute glamour by romantic descriptions of background: there is a glowing description of the mediæval castle in Kreuger's birthplace which is about as relevant as a history of Canterbury Cathedral would be in the Life of a wholesale grocer born in Canterbury. The book is a piece of competent journalism. It leaves me as unenlightened about Kreuger as I was before. It is difficult to understand a man who wants accumulations and power without the faintest notion as to what he wishes to do with them. But here we get among the Seven Deadly Sins.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 126 of this issue



IVAR KREUGER: BORN AT KALMAR, SWEDEN, IN MARCH 1880; COMMITTED SUICIDE AT PARIS IN MARCH 1932, AFTER THE COLLAPSE OF HIS FINANCIAL "EMPIRE."

Reproduced from the book "The Incredible Ivar Kreuger"; by courtesy of the publishers, Weidenfeld and Nicolson.

after his death. Mr. Churchill's description of the way in which he founded countless companies and juggled their accounts seems to puzzle him, and certainly puzzles me. It may be that Kreuger, had that ghastly slump in America not begun in 1929, might have got away with that: but he was pretty evidently in deep water. As soon as all the stocks began disastrously sagging he moved from continent to continent, assuring people (and some were impressed by the All-Knowing Swedish Genius) that the depression was an imaginary depression created by unnecessary fear. He himself began feverishly gambling in stocks, and whatever he bought fell. He was then reduced, after years of cooking books, to the ultimate stratagem of forgery. He forged nearly £30,000,000 worth of Italian notes. The Swedish Government, after he had put the shot through the middle of his heart (a very rare feat), sent the Foreign Minister to Rome. He asked Mussolini if Italy had received a large loan from

\* "The Incredible Ivar Kreuger." By Allen Churchill. Portrait Frontispiece. (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 21s.)





TO COMMEMORATE THE OPENING BY THE QUEEN OF CHEW VALLEY LAKE: A STATUETTE OF *AUREOLE*, BY HERBERT HASELTINE, PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH BY THE BRISTOL WATERWORKS COMPANY.

To commemorate the opening by the Queen of Chew Valley Lake, the new reservoir near Bristol, a statuette of *Aureole* has been presented to her Majesty and Prince Philip by the Bristol Waterworks Company. The statuette, of one of the greatest of the Queen's racehorses, has been made by Herbert Haseltine. It is quarter life-size, and is in bronze with a gold patina. The inscription, which is on the further side of the base in our photograph, reads: "*Aureole* by *Hyperion* out of *Angelola* — presented to her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II and his Royal Highness the Prince Philip Duke of Edinburgh

by Foster G. Robinson on behalf of the Bristol Waterworks Company to commemorate the inauguration of Chew Valley Lake on April 17, 1956." The opening of the reservoir and other events during the Royal tour of Bristol on April 17 last year were illustrated in our issue of April 28, 1956. In the same issue was an illustration of the statuette presented to the Queen at the time as a token gift pending the completion of *Aureole*. The well-known sculptor, Mr. Herbert Haseltine, who has been working for many years in Paris, has three bronzes in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition.

Reproduced by gracious permission of her Majesty the Queen. Colour photograph by Routhier, Paris.





# VISITORS WITHOUT DOLLARS OR PASSPORTS: SOME OF THE AMERICAN LAND BIRDS WHICH HAVE CROSSED THE ATLANTIC AND BEEN RECORDED IN THE BRITISH ISLES.

This is the time of year when we welcome to this country a great many visitors from the United States—July and August being the peak period. However, some of the visitors who come to this country fly in across the Atlantic regardless of peak periods and they do not bring with them dollars, tickets or passports but, nevertheless, are as welcome here as any other visitors who are attracted to Great Britain. Some of these American migrants are shown above in this series of drawings by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, who has included a map showing the distribution of sightings of American birds in Britain. Mr. Parker has based these drawings on information supplied by Mr. R. S. R. Fitter who writes:—"The first American bird was reported from the British Isles as long ago as 1801, when a Red-breasted Snipe or Dowitcher was shot

on the coast of Devon in the month of October. In the following year a Painted Bunting was caught in the Isle of Portland. This was seen by the distinguished ornithologist, Colonel George Montagu, who pronounced that it had probably escaped from a cage on board some ship going up Channel or in Weymouth Harbour. Most ornithologists during the next 150 years agreed with Montagu that small song-birds were unlikely to be able to cross the Atlantic unaided, and, accordingly, the many such birds that were recorded were not allowed a place in the official lists of British Birds compiled by the British Ornithologists' Union. Nowadays opinion has changed, and the majority of contemporary ornithologists would probably agree with Mr. Kenneth Williamson, Director of the Fair Isle Bird Observatory, that in favourable weather conditions,

migrating birds, even quite small ones, may easily be swept off their course down the eastern seaboard of North America and carried over the Atlantic in a vast "low." Ringing returns have proved that land birds can cross the Atlantic in such a storm for, in 1927, a Lapwing was shot in Newfoundland that had been ringed at Ulswater, in the Lake District. A recent analysis, by W. B. Alexander and myself, of North American land birds that have been recorded in the British Isles showed that seventy-five individual birds, of more than thirty different species, have occurred here. The majority have been recorded at the normal migration times in spring and autumn, more than one-third of them in the months of October and November. The most numerous species has been the Yellow-billed Cuckoo, which has occurred seventeen times,

followed by the Red-winged Blackbird (fifteen times, some of them probably escaped cage-birds); American Robin, eight times, and American Goshawk, six times. In recent years more American land birds than ever before have been reported, besides numerous waders and duck. This is doubtless at least partly due to the much increased number of bird-watchers during the past twenty years. Recently recorded American land birds include a Myrtle Warbler in Devon in January, 1955, a Black-billed and four Yellow-billed Cuckoos in the autumn of 1953, an American Robin on Lundy in the Bristol Channel in October 1952, and a Red-eyed Vireo on the Tuskar Rock, Co. Wexford, in October 1951." Mr. Fitter is well known in ornithological circles and as the author of "London's Natural History."

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, R.S.A., with the co-operation of R. S. R. Fitter.



# RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN YORK: MEDIÆVAL ALABASTER CARVINGS.

ON April 3, workmen digging foundations for a garage on the site of the former House of the Holy Priests in the Hungate area of York, discovered three mediæval alabaster tables. Portions of three further tables, also of the late fifteenth or early sixteenth century, were later found on the site at a depth of 3 ft. 6 ins. These alabasters were described by Mr. G. F. Willmot, Keeper of the Yorkshire Museum at York (where they are now on view), as "the most important find of this kind for many years." The carvings were carefully buried face downwards, and may have been hidden by chantry priests from the House of the Holy Priests at the time of the Reformation. It is possible that the *reredos* came from St. William's College, a house of chantry priests attached to York Minster, where there was a chapel probably dedicated to St. William. After the dissolution of the chantries in 1548, St. William's College was sold, but the smaller house of chantry priests in Hungate survived until

"THE VIRGIN IN GLORY": ONE OF THE IMPORTANT ALABASTER CARVINGS FOUND BY WORKMEN DIGGING IN THE HUNGATE AREA OF YORK EARLY IN APRIL. (21 by 7½ ins.)



BELIEVED TO REPRESENT THE BIRTH OF ST. WILLIAM WITH HIS UNCLE, KING STEPHEN, BESIDE THE BED: AN ALABASTER WHICH USES THE NORMAL FORMULA FOR A NATIVITY OF THE VIRGIN. (19½ by 15½ ins.)

*Continued.* the reign of Elizabeth. During the reign of Queen Mary one or two of the priests from St. William's College are known to have moved to the House of the Holy Priests where there is no evidence for a chapel. The two chantry priests as donors seen in the Trinity table (top right) may represent priests of St. William's College. Apart from this and the "Virgin in Glory" carving,



PROBABLY REPRESENTING THE TRINITY, WITH TWO DONORS IN THE LOWER CORNERS: A LATE FIFTEENTH OR EARLY SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ALABASTER TABLE, FORMING PART OF A *RETERO*. (24 by 15 ins.)



TWO FURTHER SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF ST. WILLIAM: KING EDWARD I FALLING FROM A MOUNTAIN AND SAVED BY ST. WILLIAM; AND THE RECOVERY OF A FISHERBOY DROWNED IN THE OUSE. (19½ by 15½ ins.)

the remaining panels represent scenes from the life of St. William of York, who died in 1154 and was canonised in 1227. It is known from the Freeman's Rolls that there were alabaster workers in York, and with the help of these examples it may now be possible to differentiate the work of the York workshops from those of the more famous school at Nottingham.

## A HISTORIC DAY AT SOTHEBY'S: TELEVISION USED IN THE WEINBERG SALE.



(Above) A TENSE MOMENT DURING THE WEINBERG SALE AT SOTHEBY'S ON JULY 19: THE SCENE IN THE CROWDED GALLERY AS VAN GOGH'S "LES USINES A CLICHY" CHANGES HANDS FOR £31,000.

Air of keen expectancy hung over the large gathering which had come to Sotheby's on July 19 to attend the sale of the famous Weinberg Collection of nineteenth-century and modern paintings, drawings and bronzes, when the auctioneer, Mr. Peter Wilson, mounted the rostrum at 11 a.m. to take the first bid. Some 3,000 people had crowded into the rooms and a most successful system of closed circuit television had been installed, so that those not in the Large Gallery could

*(Continued below.)*



(Right) A NOVEL FEATURE OF THE WEINBERG SALE: BUYERS AND SPECTATORS IN THE ENTRANCE HALL WATCHING THE SALE ON THE SPECIALLY INSTALLED CLOSED CIRCUIT TELEVISION SYSTEM.



CONTRIBUTING THE HIGHEST PRICE OF £31,000 TO THE TOTAL OF £25,150: VAN GOGH'S "LES USINES A CLICHY" WHICH WAS BOUGHT BY THE LONDON DEALERS, KNOEDLER AND COMPANY.

*Continued.* watch the sale. In both the outer rooms directors of Sotheby's were taking bids, which were relayed to the Large Gallery by telephone, and a number of lots fell to buyers bidding in this way. The fifty-six lots realised a total of £326,520—the highest total ever recorded at Sotheby's and the highest recorded at a London art sale since 1928. The £31,000 paid for Van Gogh's "Les Usines à Clichy" was the highest price ever paid at Sotheby's for a single painting. Among other outstanding prices were the following (reproduced on page 987 of our issue of June 15): Monet's "La Maison Bleue à Zaandam,"



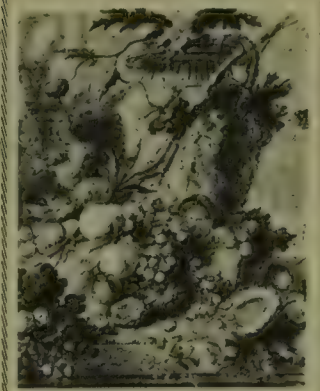
REALISING THE SECOND HIGHEST PRICE OF THE WEINBERG SALE: VAN GOGH'S "LA TÊTE DE L'ANGE," WHICH WAS BOUGHT FOR £26,000, ALSO BY KNOEDLER'S.

£22,000; Renoir's "Jeune Femme au Corsage Rouge," £22,000; Gauguin's "Jeunes Baigneurs Bretons," £17,000; and Cézanne's "Portrait of Madame Cézanne," £14,000. £22,000 was also paid for Seurat's superb "Le Faucheur." The Van Gogh water-colours and drawings went for prices ranging from £320 to £2,200, while the staggering price of £7,500 was paid for a Cézanne water-colour. Pissarro paintings and drawings also fetched outstanding prices. The consistently high prices realised in this sale of an American collection strikingly confirmed London's place as a leading centre of the world's art market.





## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



BY water plants I really mean water plants, and not waterside plants. There is a difference. Waterside plants are content to paddle about no more

than ankle deep, if that, in the mud and swampy ground surrounding pond, pool or stream. Many of them will grow quite happily in any moisture-retaining soil, far from true waterside

### WATER PLANTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

the tank from an upper window, and there, sitting on a plant in a pot standing on the tank's wall, was a kingfisher, eyeing the goldfish and the carp, no doubt with ulterior motives. He sat there, apparently thoroughly at home and unconcerned for a few minutes, until some small noise in the house alarmed him, and he made off, a lovely streak of electric blue. If only he had stayed long enough to help himself to a small carp or even a brace of goldfish I would have been enchanted, and felt truly honoured. I would gladly have enjoyed his company for longer, but perhaps he had already breakfasted from the tank when disturbed.

The question of goldfish and water-lilies reminds me of the terrible colour discords that I am constantly meeting in water gardens. There are certain "red" water-lilies of a rather aggressive bluish-beetroot-crimson, which clash quite horribly with goldfish sharing the same pool. How much better to stick to white, soft yellow, and possibly pale rose-pink Nymphaeas if there are to be goldfish in the same pool. I am not quite sure about the pale pink, however. The odd thing is that gardeners, who otherwise have an apparently unerring eye for colour where flowers alone are concerned, seem to be entirely oblivious of

the fact that goldfish and certain water-lilies should be kept severely apart. In fact, the mere idea of the colour of fish and flowers clashing makes the average gardener laugh.

Even more important than choosing the right coloured Nymphaeas to associate with your goldfish, is to select varieties which will not grow too large for the pool or tank which they are to inhabit. It is the greatest pity to destroy all sense and feeling of the charm of water by planting some rampant-growing variety which quickly covers the whole surface of the little pool with leaves so large and numerous that soon, instead of floating serenely upon the face of the waters, they are pushing one another up into the air in a muddled crowd. For small pools the tiny *Nymphaea pygmaea alba* and *N.p. helvola*, with white and sulphur-yellow flowers, respectively, no larger than a five-shilling piece, are far better than the more rampant sorts, and in the specialists' catalogues medium-sized Nymphaeas in many colours suitable for medium-sized waters will be found.

The water hawthorn, or Cape pond weed (*Aponogeton distachyus*), is one of the very best plants for small pools, with its floating oval leaves and curious forked, white flower-heads smelling of hawthorn. I read of a rose-pink variety of this which might be pleasant, or it might not. The only variant that I have met has been a form with much larger flower-heads.

Our own native flowering rush, *Butomus umbellatus*, is well worth having in the garden pool. It likes fairly shallow water, 6 to 12 ins., where it will form a clump of erect, grass-like leaves, and, in summer, handsome umbels of pink flowers on stems some 2 ft. tall. The R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening says "*Butomus* (bous, ox, temno, to cut; the leaf margins are so sharp as to injure the mouths of animals browsing upon them)." There is surely some phoney confusion there. I have *Butomus* growing in my garden, and on reading this derivation of the name at once went and examined the ribbon-like leaves of my specimen, and found that they are in no way sharp-edged. In fact, they would be incapable of injuring even the most butter-lipped ox browsing upon them. In fact, they would hardly cut butter during a heat-wave. I read further in the "Dictionary," however, that the root stocks of *Butomus*, baked, are still eaten in North Asia. Maybe some of the good folk in that nice wide area, North Asia, ate *Butomus* roots, baked, as Horsa, in the poem, ate peas—off his knife.

Another most interesting and in some ways beautiful British water plant is the water soldier, *Stratiotes aloides*. The plant resembles, roughly, the leafy crown of a pineapple, and sits on the bottom of the pond. In summer, however, it floats to the surface to flower. The flowers are white and appear to be frail and delicate, but beautiful. After flowering it sinks to the bottom, coming to the surface again in late summer. It spends the winter at the bottom of the pond. This trick of rising to the surface, floating, flowering, and sinking again is most curious and interesting. But it is a plant which increases so rapidly that it is perhaps safest not to put it in ornamental water. But for a small isolated pool, where it will have no betters to compete with, it is well worth having, purely for its odd aquatic performances.



A BEAUTIFUL AND INTERESTING BRITISH WATER PLANT—THE WATER SOLDIER, *STRATIOTES ALOIDES*, WHICH "RESEMBLES, ROUGHLY, THE LEAFY CROWN OF A PINEAPPLE."

Photographs by courtesy of Perry's Hardy Plant Farm.

conditions. Water plants, on the other hand, demand a pool, pond, or tank of some sort, in which they may bathe, some of them up to their knees, some to their middles, and a few—such as the water-lilies—right up to the neck.

A well-ordered water-garden is capable of becoming one of the most delightful features in all the garden. It may be a stream-fed pool, or just a pond, a concrete pipe-fed pool, or a formal tank or canal. It may have a surround of bog and waterside plants, or it may occur as a feature amid outcrops of rock garden. But whatever form it takes in whatever immediate surroundings, the water garden has a very special charm and fascination, in complete contrast to every other garden feature. In addition, the water garden harbours living creatures, fish, small turtles maybe, frogs, water-beetles, molluscs, and, at the same time, it attracts those most colourful and dramatic insects—the dragon-flies—big ones and little ones, lizard green or turquoise blue.

When I lived in Hertfordshire I built in my garden a formal oblong lily tank. It was about 12 ft. long and 6 ft. wide, with its containing walls rising above ground-level to a low sitting height. Here I grew a small water-lily (*Nymphaea*), a colony of water hawthorn (*Aponogeton*), and a clump of flowering rush (*Butomus umbellatus*). There were goldfish and a few common carp—which bred. I got more pleasure, I think, from that small pool than from any other delight in my garden, and on one occasion it provided a quite astonishing happening. The tank was no more than 10 or 12 ft. from the house, separated from it by a narrow bed and a gravel path. Early one summer morning I looked down at



"FOR SMALL POOLS THE TINY NYMPHAEA PYGMÆA ALBA (SHOWN HERE) AND N.P. HELVOLA, WITH WHITE AND SULPHUR-YELLOW FLOWERS, RESPECTIVELY, NO LARGER THAN A FIVE-SHILLING PIECE, ARE FAR BETTER THAN THE MORE RAMPANT SORTS."

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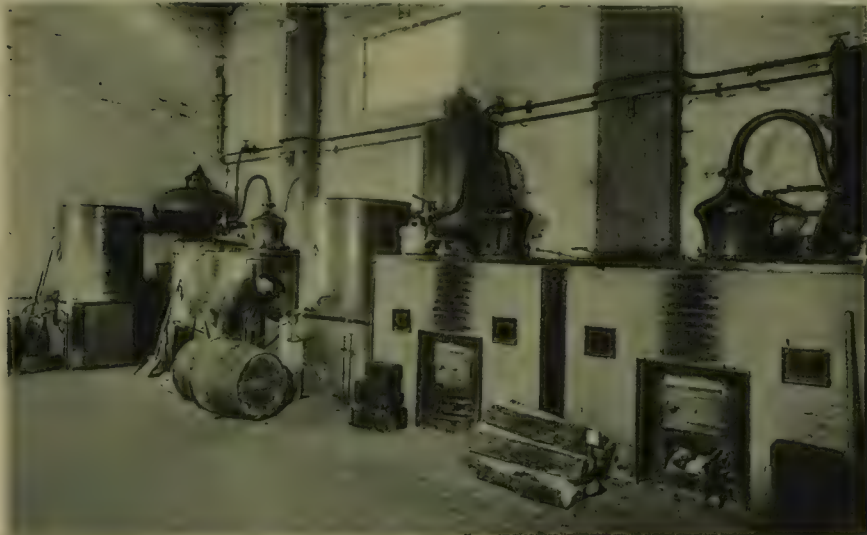
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## MAKING FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC: NATURE AND MAN IN PARTNERSHIP.



WHERE WHITE WINE TAKES THE FIRST STEPS TO BECOMING COGNAC: A TYPICAL DISTILLERY WITH ITS POT STILLS IN WHICH THE WINE IS TWICE DISTILLED.



ANCIENT METHODS IN A MODERN SETTING: THE VAST BLENDING VATS IN WHICH REMY MARTIN'S FINE CHAMPAGNE V.S.O.P. IS BLENDED FROM THE VARIOUS COGNACS MATURED IN LIMOUSIN OAK BARRELS.



IN THE GRANDE CHAMPAGNE AREA OF THE CHARENTE: A VIEW OF SOME OF THE VINEYARDS FROM WHICH THE VERY FINEST COGNAC IS PRODUCED. THE REGION IS DIVIDED INTO SIX AREAS OF GRADED QUALITY.



PREPARING LIMOUSIN OAK FOR THE MAKING OF BARRELS: A CRAFTSMAN SPLITTING A TRUNK INTO PLANKS.



A TASTER CHECKING A BARREL IN ONE OF THE MUSTY WAREHOUSES WHERE THE SPIDERS' WEBS ARE CAREFULLY PRESERVED TO KEEP OUT INSECTS.



A CROP TO BE PROUD OF: A PICKER HOLDING A BASKET OF WHITE GRAPES DESTINED TO BE MADE INTO FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC.

The area of the Charente, in the west of France, is divided into six regions, ranging from the precious *Grande* and *Petite Champagnes* in the centre to the outlying *Bois Ordinaires*. In each of these carefully-graded regions there are vineyards devoted to the growing of grapes for the making of Cognac, but, in keeping with the air of mystery which dominates this ancient industry, the finest Cognac—*Fine Champagne Cognac*—can only be produced from grapes grown in the *Grande Champagne* and the *Petite Champagne*. The firm of Rémy Martin, which was established in 1724, possesses considerable vineyards in these two most valued regions and devotes its energies almost entirely to the production of *V.S.O.P. Fine Champagne Cognac*, a spirit of exceptionally high standard. These photographs were taken on the vineyards and estates of Rémy Martin. The rich cretaceous soil, the mild and favourable

climate, and the nature of the local vines (now always grafted onto American plants to combat phylloxera) make the Charente the ideal area—and by French law the *only* area—for the production of Cognac. Once nature has done its work man carefully gathers the grapes, presses them to produce a white wine (quite drinkable in itself), and twice distills the wine to produce the young brandy, which is as clear as water. This is then transferred to wooden casks, always made of Limousin oak, and allowed to mature. It is the resin of the oak casks that gives cognac its colour and its *bouquet*. Vintages and specific age do not enter into the making of cognac—it is a matter of patient maturing until just the right moment is reached and then, in the case of Rémy Martin, of skilful blending to produce *V.S.O.P.* Once bottled, brandy does not age—it is a spirit, not a wine—and it should not be heated before drinking.





ANDRE MALRAUX possesses the gift of carving out lapidary phrases which remain in the memory and retain something of their pungency in translation. Here is one from his essay on Goya, sensitively translated by G. W. Chilton and published by Phaidon\*:

"In the interval between Velasquez ceasing to paint and his [Goya's] beginning, a fundamental world had dropped out of civilisation—majesty. The whole of Europe had put charm in its place."



"THE GARTER": A "MARVELLOUS" DRAWING BY GOYA REPRODUCED IN ANDRE MALRAUX'S "SATURN—AN ESSAY ON GOYA" (PHAIDON PRESS), WHICH FRANK DAVIS REVIEWS THIS WEEK. (Prado, Madrid.)

The theme of the book is the birth of modern painting which, in the author's view, began with Goya—not the early Goya, but the Goya of the years after his illness of 1792, when he became deaf and believed he was going blind. "One of the charming artists of the eighteenth century was expiring." It is a closely-reasoned argument, supported by more than a hundred illustrations and a dozen-and-a-half colour plates.

Whether you agree entirely with his conclusions or no, it is stimulating to watch his mind at work. He demands a certain familiarity with the history of art and with the life of Goya on the part of the reader, and the majority of the illustrations are of the drawings and etchings which were not known to the public until many years after the artist's death in 1828. Most of these works dealt in horror, and the most horrible of all, the painting of Saturn devouring his children, now in the Prado and illustrated in colour, can still revolt our generation, which has itself supped full of horrors. The conclusion is that, "having broken with the demand for harmony and having taken horror for his province," he discovered a style—the equal of the great religious styles. Moreover, "he was the first artist to have a

presentiment of a kind of painting which accepts no law but the law of its own unforeseeable development. He did not anticipate any one of present-day artists—he foreshadowed the whole of modern art because modern art takes its rise from this freedom."

Malraux is not an easy writer, but once you surrender to his eloquence he can be uncommonly persuasive, and it is some time before you begin to suspect that perhaps, after all, you must be on your guard. Granted the power of these drawings and etchings, is it not possible to argue that they are the result of mental illness? That he was, to some extent, out of his mind when he made them? And are we to believe that to plumb the depths of the unconscious is a greater achievement than to scale the heights of heaven? I have an uneasy feeling that such a theory may account for some of our modern discontents. It is as if we were asked to accept as axiomatic the suggestion that the Shakespeare who wrote "Titus Andronicus" was a greater man than the one who wrote "Hamlet" or "Macbeth," or that Rembrandt would have been a more considerable artist had he suffered from frequent nightmares. "He proclaimed a new right of the painter. Was it the right to madness? Madness fascinated him; he often watched for its approach." And again, "Ever since his illness Goya had been seeking those horrors that the universal anguish of mankind instantly recognises—humiliation, nightmares, rape, prison. But now his dungeons and tortures were spread over the whole of Spain, and his art had grown worthy to bring together the public confession of a world which shouted what his etchings had whispered." That does not seem to me specially illuminating; this does: "The victors forgave Goya because of his talent... he painted their portraits in bitterness and in a 'restored' Madrid lined up the ghosts of those who had died there in vain," by which I take it Malraux is thinking especially of the magnificent painting, "The Third of May 1808—Execution of Rebels," in the Prado, and the no less magnificent drawing of the same subject in the Pierre Jeannerat Collection—they face one another in the book on opposite pages.

Every painter has the right to be judged as a whole, and any attempt to probe the intentions or the character of Goya is bound to meet with exceptional difficulties; never, surely, was a man so hag-ridden, never was a gathering of witches more sinister, never were nightmares more hair-raising. I can see no comparison whatever with Jerome Bosch or Peter Brueghel, both of whom the author claims as Goya's predecessors in summoning convincing monsters from the unplumbed depths; they are jollity itself next to the Spaniard's fantasies; Bosch is a simple soul, Goya immensely complicated. What puzzles me is trying to guess how Goya would wish to be remembered; would he really like us to emphasise his bad dreams, and to regard them as equal in value to so many portraits which possess so much more than mere charm?—I'm thinking of the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House, of the de Porcel woman in the National Gallery. And then there is the famous and terrible group of King Charles IV and his family, of which Malraux remarks: "His reputation for cruelty rests entirely on the pictures of the Royal family. Now the great have no liking for seeing themselves made ugly, not even from love of good painting, and he painted the queen at least twenty times and the king fifteen. Some have expressed surprise that the family of Charles IV should have looked with pleasure at the row of Aunt Sally figures that represent it. But was not the family itself still odder, and did it not see in this frightful canvas a friendly mirror?" Perhaps

this sentence does at last provide the key to a question which has puzzled the world for a century and a half.

As to the series of etchings "The Disasters of War," given Goya's obsession with the horrible, we can readily accept Malraux's summing up. "They take on their full meaning when we realise that they are not only the work of a bitter patriot but also of a deceived friend, the sketch-book of a Communist after the occupation of his country by Russian troops. When the French friendship became tyranny, he found himself bound to his former enemies. It was with insurgent Spain that he found himself at one, not with the future victors; of enslaved Spain he had known only its sufferings." We can add that he found liberated Spain no more comforting—he was compelled to escape from it and die in exile at Bordeaux.

I have endeavoured to indicate by means of these quotations something of the tautness of the author's reasoning, of his perspicacity, of his compassion, knowing very well that it is beyond the wit of man to compress the quality of so considerable an essay about so great a painter into a single page. Probably the last word about Goya will never be written; each succeeding generation will find its own tentative answer to the riddle of so hag-ridden a talent in the light of its own experience. It is little painters who pose no problems; great ones demand continuous enquiry. No man living to-day is better qualified



"PORTRAIT OF DON MANUEL OSORIO DE ZUNIGA": A DELIGHTFUL GOYA PORTRAIT OF A CHILD WITH HIS PETS, WHICH IS NOW IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.

Reproductions by courtesy of the publishers, Phaidon Press.

to probe sympathetically into the dark places of the mind of Goya than Malraux. Some of us may decide that he has over-emphasised the dark. What we cannot do is to ignore him, even though we may feel that sometimes he loses himself in the obscurities of his own eloquence. I maintain that such pictures as the little Manuel Osorio with his cats and his magpie (New York, Metropolitan Museum), or the Marquesa de las Mercedes in the Louvre, or, among the drawings, the marvellous drawing of the Garter, represent the essence of the painter far more completely than anything conceived by him in the disintegrating agony of his nightmares.

\* "Saturn—An Essay on Goya," by André Malraux. With 150 illustrations, including 18 in Full Colour. (Phaidon Press; 47s. 6d.)



PERSIAN MINIATURES FROM TEHERAN: AN ARTS COUNCIL EXHIBITION.

SOME 110 manuscripts, paintings and miniatures from the Imperial and National Collections at Teheran provide a fascinating survey of Persian art, life and fable in the current Arts Council Exhibition, which continues at 4, St. James's Square until August 10. Ranging in date from the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries, they show the wonderful command of colour, the delightful rendering of intricate detail and the outstanding ability to tell a story with vivid authority which has marked many generations of Persian artists. Among the group of important manuscripts in the exhibition is the Fable book, *Kalila wa Dimna*, which "must rank as one of the finest books that Persia has produced." Dating from the early fifteenth century, it is an example of early Persian painting at a time when it had reached full maturity. An interesting feature of the exhibition is the group of 19th-century Persian paintings, a number of which show strong European influences.



KUBLA KHAN CROSSING THE YANGTSE-KIANG: ONE OF NINETY-EIGHT MINIATURES IN THE JAMI'AL TAVARIKH OF RASHID UL-DIN, A MUGHAL MANUSCRIPT OF 1595 IN THE ARTS COUNCIL EXHIBITION. (Imperial Library, Teheran.)



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN": A DELIGHTFUL PERSIAN MINIATURE SIGNED RIZA 'ABBASI AND DATED A.H. 1038 (1629-30 A.D.). THIS ARTS COUNCIL EXHIBITION CONTINUES UNTIL AUGUST 10. (Imperial Library, Teheran.)



"PRINCE VISITING A HERMIT": A COLOURFUL MUGHAL PAINTING WITH LIVELY MARGINAL DECORATIONS BY AGA RIZAM, FROM THE JAHANGIR ALBUM. DATED A.H. 1030 (1620 A.D.). (Imperial Library, Teheran.)



THE GIBBETING OF THE TREACHEROUS BRAHMAN COUNCILLORS: ONE OF THE THIRTY STRIKING MINIATURES IN THE *KALILA WA DIMNA* OF NASR ULLAH, AN OUTSTANDING PERSIAN BOOK OF FABLES WHICH WAS PAINTED IN 1410-20. (Imperial Library, Teheran.)





THE NEW WORLD'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN PEAK: ACONCAGUA (23,035 FT.), PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE COCKPIT OF A RECORD-BREAKING VAMPIRE AIRCRAFT. THE VAMPIRE WAS AT THIS POINT BEGINNING TO DESCEND TOWARDS SANTIAGO, CHILE, AFTER FLYING DOWN A 700-MILE PANORAMA OF THE ANDES FROM ANTOFAGASTA.



ABOVE THE DESOLATE HEIGHTS OF THE ANDES, WHICH LIE BETWEEN SANTIAGO AND BUENOS AIRES, IN THE VAMPIRE WHICH WAS THE FIRST SINGLE-ENGINE JET AIRCRAFT TO MAKE THIS FLIGHT DIRECT. A FEW YEARS AGO AN AIRLINER WAS LOST IN THIS AREA, AND TO THIS DATE NO TRACE OF IT HAS BEEN FOUND.

**LOOKING DOWN ON THE HIGHEST PEAKS OF THE NEW WORLD: UNIQUE VIEWS FROM** Earlier this year a de Havilland Vampire T.55, fitted as a civil aircraft, has been making demonstration flights, totalling 31,000 miles, in a number of South American countries, including long "positioning" flights from one country to another. It was flown by Mr. G. B. S. Errington, of the de Havilland Company, and he was accompanied by Group Captain MacDougall, the de Havilland manager for South America. The Vampire made aeronautical history by being the first single engine jet aircraft to fly from Buenos Aires

to Santiago, in Chile, direct; and the crossing of the 22,000-ft. Andes peaks, which is quite a problem for modern airliners, proved no problem for the Vampire, which was 15,000 ft. above the highest peak when it reached longitude 70 degs. west. This crossing was part of a long round trip from Buenos Aires to Santiago, on to Antofagasta, thence to Lima, in Peru, and so back over the same route. The photographs we reproduce were taken by Mr. Errington on the return journey from Antofagasta to Santiago to Buenos



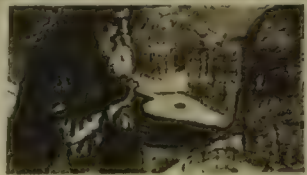
CLIMBING UP TO THE TROPOPAUSE OVER THE ANDES FROM SANTIAGO. BY THE TIP OF THE WING LIES MT. TUPUNGATO (21,569 ft.), ON THE EXACT BORDER BETWEEN CHILE AND ARGENTINA. IN THE CENTRE CAN BE SEEN A VERY FINE ICE-CLIFF AT THE HEAD OF A GLACIER WHICH HAS GATHERED IN A CWM.



FROM SANTIAGO UPWARDS TO CLIMB THE RIDGE OF THE ANDES, BEFORE DESCENDING FROM ABOUT 38,000 FT. FOR THE LONG TRAVERSE OVER THE PLAINS TO BUENOS AIRES. IN THE FOREGROUND CAN BE SEEN A REMOVABLE EXTRA FUEL TANK; IN MILITARY USE THIS CAN BE REPLACED BY A 100-LB. BOMB

**THE FIRST SINGLE-ENGINE JET TO FLY DIRECT FROM BUENOS AIRES TO SANTIAGO.** Aires. In the last leg of this sector the aircraft travelled the 700 miles in 1 hr. 35 mins. 30 secs. The camera used was a 35 mm. "Canon" with Ilford FP. 3 film, with an exposure time of 1/120 sec. at F.11, and using a 2x yellow filter. The photographs, Mr. Errington has explained, are simply snapshots, as there was neither time nor room to use an exposure meter, and in order to get the wing tip into the picture (which adds interest to the scene) the camera could only be directed over the pilot's left shoulder. When one is bound securely in an ejector seat with no fewer than twelve securing straps as a general hindrance, very little movement is possible except in the hands and feet, through the limits necessary for flying an aeroplane. The flight from Antofagasta to Lima included 600 miles over the open Pacific, out of a total stage of 900 miles. The aircraft, it may be interesting to note, was bought by Chile, and on April 16 was flown by Mr. Errington for the last time on a final flight over the tops of the Andes to Santiago, where it was to resume its military rôle.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



LAST year, at about this time, or perhaps a little earlier, a young cuckoo gave us an excellent opportunity of watching the way it imposed the burden of its upbringing on its foster-parents, a pair of robins. Very much earlier in that same year, a pair of robins had built a nest in the leaf litter beside a path just inside the woods. Eggs were laid in the nest and we were looking forward to keeping a watch on the family when it was hatched. Within a few days, however, the nest was empty and all that remained of the eggs was a piece of shell on the ground a few feet away.

From that time on we saw little of these two robins, but we saw sufficient to know that they had a second nest somewhat near to the site of the first. They were particularly wary, however, and although we kept a close lookout they managed to keep the position of the second nest a secret. It may be that their wariness was the result of a string of misfortunes, and it is possible that one of that sequence of ill-luck was because other prying eyes had discovered this second nest. That is a reasonable assumption, since it was in the immediate neighbourhood of the first nest that we saw the young cuckoo. It was out of the nest, perched on a low branch, when we first saw it, a bulky, brownish bird that made continuously a noise that can best be described as being like the sound of somebody pumping up a bicycle tyre.

The two robins were busy foraging, and at intervals one would fly in and feed the young cuckoo. We watched them, first one, then the other, coming in to push their offerings down the receptive throat. There was no difficulty for them in finding the correct place, for the cuckoo gaped wide at anything passing by, opening wide its beak to reveal a bright orange mouth and throat, which looked uncommonly like a bloody gash obscuring the front of the head. This vividly-coloured decoration is the most obvious thing about a young cuckoo. Given the opportunity to examine the bird at leisure one may notice the white patch on the nape and the curious tubular nostrils, for neither of which is there an obvious function. One may notice, also, the toes, of which two are directed forward and two backward, a feature shared with woodpeckers, near relatives of cuckoos. These and other characteristics may carry a more lasting interest for the human observer, but unquestionably the one that impresses itself most readily and most obviously is this wide-open gash

### INSATIABLE CUCKOO.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

presented to almost anything moving in the bird's vicinity.

Several people have spent days on end watching closely while a pair of small birds fed their brood with insects. They have noted the number of journeys made by the parents

and the average number of insects brought back in the beak from each foray. The journeys sometimes reach a total of a hundred a day, and the total number of insects to feed the brood, until able to fend for itself, is several thousands. I believe as many as 10,000 has been stated for robins. Certainly the figure is not excessively an over-statement. But this is when they merely have their natural brood to feed. The needs of this overgrown foundling are without doubt greater. In fact, it may even be possible that the task of the foster-parents would be hopeless but for one extraordinary event, which we witnessed several times while watching this particular cuckoo. I understand it is of frequent occurrence. This event is that any small bird returning to its nest with a beakful of food for its own nestlings, and passing near a young cuckoo, will, on seeing the vivid gape, alight and push the food down the cuckoo's throat.



A YOUNG CUCKOO IN CHARACTERISTIC POSTURE. IN THIS AND IN THE OTHER PHOTOGRAPH, THE CURIOUS TUBULAR NOSTRILS CAN BE SEEN.



A FLEDGLING CUCKOO SOLICITING FOOD: IT LOOKED "SO HELPLESS AND OBVIOUSLY HUNGRY."

A young cuckoo gapes at almost any passing object, opening the beak wide (wider than in this photograph) to reveal an intensely-coloured orange mouth and throat. Small birds passing by will push into that throat even the food they are carrying back for their own young; and "little in the way of edible matter comes amiss to a young cuckoo."

Photographs by Jane Burton.

The task of any small birds acting the part of unwilling but devoted hosts to the young cuckoo is made the more onerous by another factor. Young robins, for example, leave the nest thirteen to fourteen days after hatching, and thereafter the cock takes up the work single-handed if the hen starts to lay again. Thus it is possible for a single pair of robins to raise two broods in a year as a normal procedure, and sometimes to bring off a third. The nestling cuckoo, on the other hand, although it takes nearly as long to hatch, coming out with just a narrow margin in hand ready to heave the rightful eggs or the newly-hatched rightful occupants over the edge of the nest, remains in the nest, thereafter, for up to twenty-three days. How long it insists on being fed once it has left the nest depends upon the individual. Last year, while we were watching this free cuckoo, another young one was brought in for us to hand-feed; and this year it has happened again. In both, it has been a full month before either would make the effort to feed itself.

Although I use the plural pronoun in speaking of hand-feeding these two fledgling cuckoos, the credit for bringing them safely through this stage belongs to my daughter. I have been a sufficiently close witness, however, to have a fairly accurate idea of what it means to feed a young cuckoo until the day when it takes it into its sluggish brain to do something about it itself. It may be that the tremendous demands it makes on its foster-parents account for the variety of food pushed down that brilliant and insistent throat, for, in addition to caterpillars and insect grubs, it may also be given slugs and snails, worms, even vegetable matter from the fosterer's crop, a lot depending on who are the fosterers. Our experience is that little in the way of edible matter comes amiss to a young cuckoo.

It may also be partly the reason why some robins have been known to breed in mid-winter, as if anxious to make up the time lost while successfully rearing a foundling cuckoo in the previous season. But this is a flippant guess, perhaps.

One of the by-products of the young cuckoo's insatiable appetite is that it will gape at anything moving, and this, in turn, gives it an impersonal detachment. It does not, in our experience, become attached more especially to the one that feeds it, as most other young birds do, but if tame it is tame to everybody or everything coming near it. It does not become fixated, which is perhaps essential if it is to mix with its own kind only when it grows up, for it is important for the continuation of the species that cuckoos, although they may never see their parents, should recognise their own kind when the breeding season arrives.

Of the two young cuckoos brought in to us to feed, one was rescued when a bush containing its nest was uprooted by a bulldozer. The other was found in a ditch, and the one who brought it in described the bird as looking "so helpless and obviously hungry." It is an apt description of the young of this species. But no concern need be felt on this account, and certainly the one in the ditch was in no danger from starvation. Indeed, I am given to understand that a sure way of rearing a young cuckoo is to put it in a shallow box with a wire-mesh over the top, so that its head is just beneath the wire. Then, so I am told, all the small birds in the vicinity will answer its bicycle-pump calling and feed it.



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

A NOTED JEWISH AUTHOR DIES :  
SHELEM ASCH.

Mr. Sholem Asch, the well-known Jewish author, died on July 10. He wrote on subjects from Jewish history and from various aspects of Jewish life to-day. His famous "Three Cities" is about the events leading up to the Russian Revolution of 1917. Polish-born, he became a U.S. citizen, but finally settled in Israel.

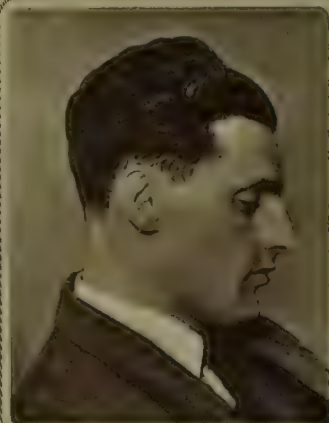


**A PUBLIC-SPIRITED INDUSTRIALIST: MR. WILLIAM CADBURY.** Mr. William Cadbury, a former Chairman of Cadbury Brothers and Lord Mayor of Birmingham 1919-1921, died aged ninety, it was announced on July 10. With Cadbury's he did much to increase the firm's prosperity and to develop cocoa production in British West Africa.

*Detail from a portrait by Howard Somerville.*

A NEW APPOINTMENT :  
THE REV. D. SHEPPARD.

The Rev. David Sheppard, the Sussex and England cricketer, is to take up a new appointment in the new year in the East End of London. He is to be warden of a settlement in Canning Town, which is to be known as the Dockland Family Centre, and which runs clubs and other organisations for boys and girls, and for people of other age groups. The Rev. Sheppard is now Senior Curate, St. Mary's, Islington.



**NEW HANDS FOR A BRITISH EX-SOLDIER: MR. A. MILBOURNE.** Mr. A. Milbourne, who lost his hands at Arnhem and who uses split hooks, has been offered a new pair of artificial hands by Professor Lindemann, of Heidelberg. Former members of the 116th Panzer Division have offered to pay expenses. Members of the 1st Airborne Div. have recently been their guests.

NEW PRESIDENT, R.C.S.:  
PROF. SIR J. P. ROSS.

Professor Sir James Paterson Ross was elected President of the Royal College of Surgeons at a meeting of the Council on July 11. Sir James has been Surgeon to the Queen since 1952 and is Professor of Surgery in the University of London, an appointment he has held since 1935. He was created K.C.V.O. in 1949.

NEW PRESIDENT, B.M.A. :  
MR. W. P. T. WATTS.

Mr. W. P. T. Watts recently took over as the new President of the British Medical Association. He was elected at the annual representative meeting of the Association at Brighton on July 5 last year. The principal appointment held by Mr. Watts is that of Consultant Surgeon to the Royal Victoria Infirmary at Newcastle upon Tyne.

RUNNING IN THE RAIN: G. D. IBBOTSON SETTING UP A  
NEW THREE-MILE RECORD.

G. D. Ibbotson set up a new record for the three miles at the White City on July 13, during the A.A.A. Championships. His time was 13 mins. 20.8 secs., a new British all-comers, British national and English native record, and the championship best performance.

A NEW JAVELIN RECORD: P. S. CULLEN IN ACTION  
AT THE WHITE CITY.

At the A.A.A. Championships at the White City on July 13, P. S. Cullen set up a new British national and English native record, and championship best performance for the javelin with a throw of 236 ft. 7 ins. This is also a new British Empire record.

A R.S.A. APPOINTMENT :  
SIR ALFRED BOSSOM.

Sir Alfred Bossom, M.P., has been elected Chairman of the Council of the Royal Society of Arts for the next twelve months, it was announced on July 8. Sir Alfred is a well-known architect here and in the United States, where he designed some early skyscrapers, and has represented Maidstone since 1931.

*Portrait by Fayer.*

TEA AND GERMAN MEASLES: A BIRTHDAY PARTY WHICH A DOCTOR'S CHILDREN ATTENDED FOR  
THE PURPOSE OF CONTRACTING THE DISEASE.

On July 9, two children of Dr. C. Stevens went to a birthday party in Cookham, Berks, in the hope that they would contract German measles from their hosts, who were suffering from it. Their father, who is a director of the National Spastics Society, thinks an attack of the disease during pregnancy may lead to the birth of spastic children and hopes to immunise his daughters.

HONOURED FOR BRAVERY IN ALGERIA: TWELVE-YEAR-OLD RAYMONDE PONCET AFTER SHE  
RECENTLY RECEIVED TWO MEDALS.

Raymonde Poncet has been awarded the "Croix de la Valeur Militaire" and a medal for disinterested service for an act of bravery last December in Algeria, and is seen above, after receiving the medals in Paris on July 11, with General Koenig (left) and M. J. Soustelle, a former Governor-General of Algeria. She was wounded shielding her sister from a terrorist grenade.



# BEAUTIES FROM MANY LANDS AT LLANGOLLEN EISTEDDFOD.



SICILY IN WALES: A GROUP OF THREE CHARMING FOLK-DANCE COMPETITORS FROM AGRIGENTO RUNNING FROM THE RAIN AT LLANGOLLEN EISTEDDFOD.



LLANGOLLEN IS FULL OF IMPROMPTUS AS WELL AS SET COMPETITIONS SUCH AS THIS GROUP OF IRISH CHILDREN.



LATVIANS AT LLANGOLLEN: THREE GIRLS, LATVIAN REFUGEES NOW LIVING AT LEEDS AND MEMBERS OF A FOLK-DANCE TEAM, IN THEIR NATIONAL COSTUME.



AUTOGRAPH-SIGNING IS A GREAT FEATURE OF THE EISTEDDFOD; AND THIS FRENCH COMPETITOR FROM LA VENDEE, WITH HER CHEERFUL HAT, DID NOT ESCAPE.



MARTIAN'S ANTENNÆ OR DEMON'S HORNS? THE GOLD SPIRAL "EAR-IRONS" OF A DUTCH COSTUME WORN BY A COMPETITOR FROM THE HAGUE AT LLANGOLLEN.



A 20-IN.-HIGH HEAD-DRESS OF HAND-STITCHED LACE, MADE BY THE COMPETITOR HERSELF, WHO HAS COME FROM LES SABLES D'OLONNE, IN FRANCE.



EMBLEMATIC OF LLANGOLLEN'S INTERNATIONAL FRIENDLINESS: A WELSH HARPIST (LEFT) SHOWS A UKRAINIAN DANCER THE PRINCIPLES OF THE CELTIC HARP.



IN THE INTERNATIONAL EISTEDDFOD WEEK, THE BEAUTIES OF LLANGOLLEN ARE AUGMENTED WITH BEAUTIES FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD—LIKE THESE SWEDISH SINGERS.



AT HOME, SECRETARIES IN MARSEILLES: AT LLANGOLLEN, DANCERS IN NATIONAL COSTUME PRESENTING FOLK DANCES FROM PROVENCE—TWO FRENCH COMPETITORS.

For fifty-one weeks of the year Llangollen, in Denbighshire, is beautiful, famous in history—and quiet. On the fifty-second, the week of the annual International Eisteddfod (now in its eleventh year), its population swells by fifty times, and competitors from many countries—twenty-six this year—nearly all of them in some form or other of colourful national costume, swarm through its streets and are so full of the spirit of song and dance that they do not confine themselves to the competitions but break forth wherever the spirit moves them. Our pictures show only a few sidelights of this many-

faceted festival; and it is impossible on this page to give any reasoned record of all the competitions and their results. Some idea of its international character may be given by a few results, however: the male voice contest was won by a teachers' choir from Czechoslovakia, with Lancashire and German choirs second and third; the soprano solo prize went to Port Sunlight, the contralto to Ljubljana, Yugoslavia; the Rumanians won the folk-dancing, and Sale and District Choir, in their jubilee year and with an 87-year-old conductor, won the prize for choirs of mixed voices.



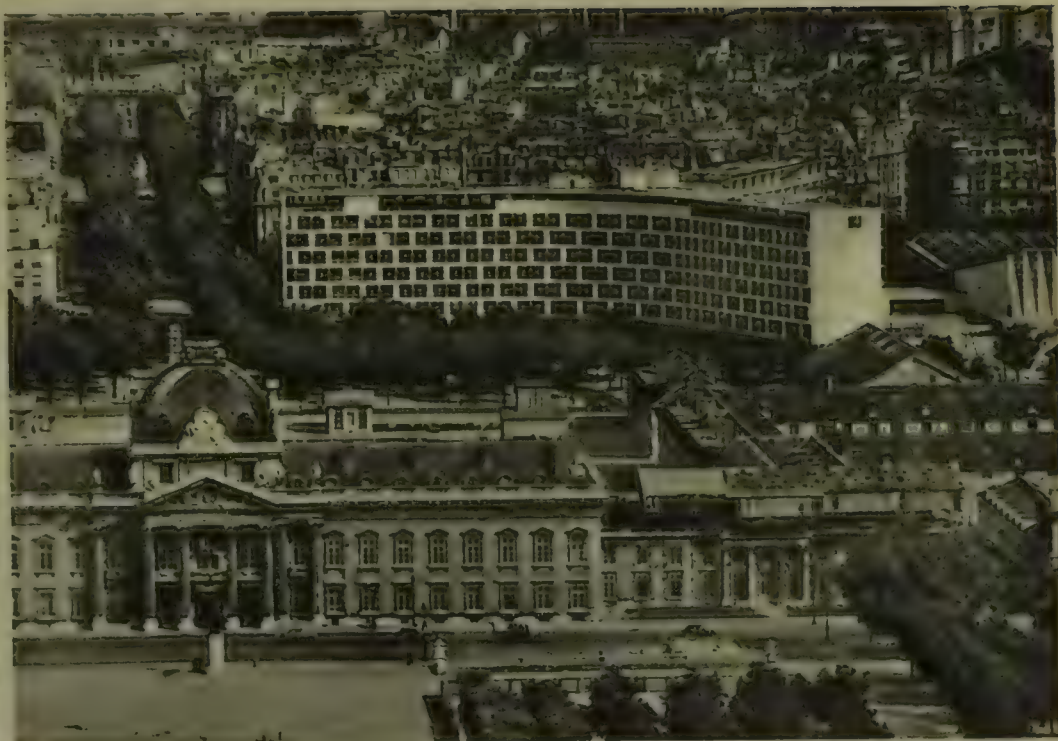
# FROM MR. KHRUSHCHEV TO THE LAST SPITFIRES: A NEWS MISCELLANY.



(Above.)  
SHORTLY AFTER ARRIVING IN PRAGUE: MR. KHRUSHCHEV MAKING A SPEECH. ALSO ON THE PLATFORM ARE MR. BULGANIN (RIGHT) AND PRESIDENT ZAPOTOCKY OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

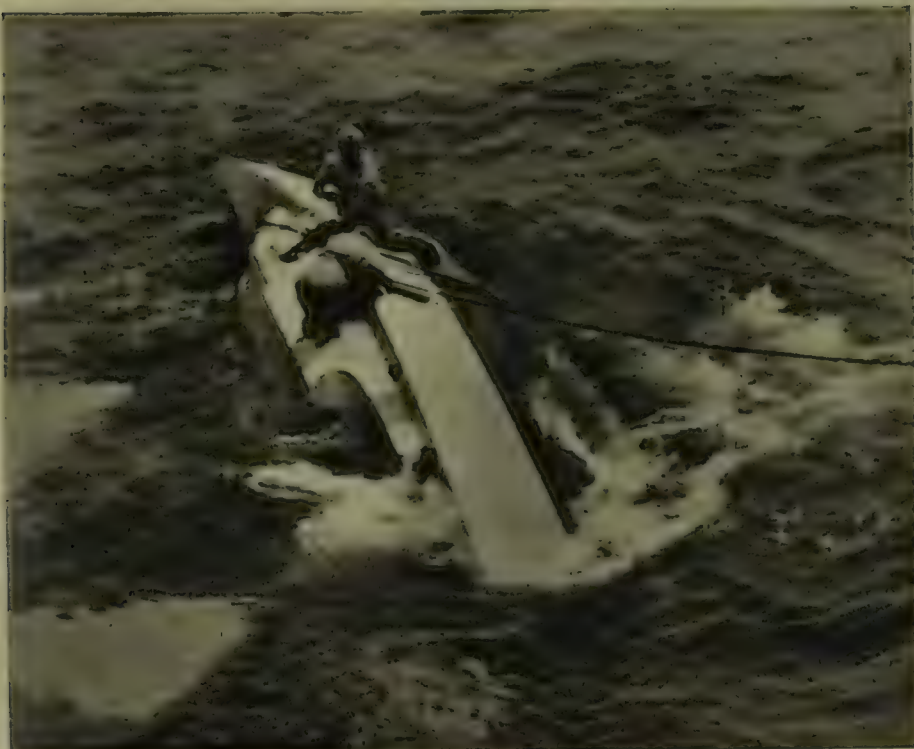
On July 10 Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Bulganin arrived in Prague at the beginning of their tour of Czechoslovakia. Welcoming the visitors, President Zapotocky praised the recent dismissal of the Soviet "anti-party group." Mr. Khrushchev then addressed the huge crowds assembled at the main station. In his speech he referred to Western efforts to stir up counter-revolution in "the Socialist countries" and to the menace of the "West German militarists."

(Right.)  
IN GOTTWALD SQUARE, IN THE SLOVAK CAPITAL, BRATISLAVA: PART OF THE HUGE CROWD WHO HEARD MR. KHRUSHCHEV SPEAK ON PEACEFUL CO-EXISTENCE AND WEST GERMAN REARMAMENT.



SEEN FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER: THE NEW U.N.E.S.C.O. BUILDING IN PARIS. THE ECOLE MILITAIRE IS SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND.

The new headquarters in Paris of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation has been built in a contemporary style on a site behind the Ecole Militaire. When the building was being planned there was opposition from the French Government to this style of building.



RESCUED BY A BRITISH FREIGHTER: MR. AND MRS. A. SAFSTROM ON THEIR CAPSIZED SAILING-BOAT OFF CALIFORNIA.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Safstrom, with two people who had set out to rescue them, were rescued by a British freighter from their sailing-boat which had capsized in the Catalina Channel, California. The Safstroms are seen above clinging to their boat before being rescued.



NOW TO BE USED FOR CEREMONIAL FLIGHTS ONLY: THE R.A.F.'S LAST THREE SPITFIRES, WITH A HURRICANE IN THE FOREGROUND, AT BIGGIN HILL.

The last three R.A.F. Spitfires have now been placed in honourable retirement at Biggin Hill aerodrome. Until recently they were used for meteorological flights from Woodvale. They are to be maintained for ceremonial occasions. The last R.A.F. Hurricane is also at Biggin Hill.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## STRANGE MATTERS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

"CYMBELINE," like Macbeth's face, is a book where men may read strange matters. It is unashamedly a fairy-tale, Snow-White and the Decameron in happy collision, an odd business indeed. Roman Britain wavers into the Renaissance, and nobody is quite sure what the period is, or why.

Peter Hall, the Stratford-upon-Avon director, and his designers, have taken their cue. Since the piece is a go-as-you-please fairy-tale, it must be set and acted as one, as some romantic invention where no critic can intrude, crying "Why?" and totting up anachronisms.

For once in a way, my Stratford programme remained reasonably clean. As a rule, I cover any blank space with urgent little bursts of pencilling. I have just looked at the latticed palimpsest, now mercifully unreadable, on the back of the programme for the Nugent Monck revival of 1946, and at the rather less scribbled sheet for the Michael Benthall production of 1949. This says, among other things, "All from Gallia," "Flames," and "Jupiter in soothsayer," with a curious scribble along the foot of the first page, "But how beautifully Q, yes how beautifully Q." That means nothing to-day, though it sounds as if the record had stuck. I am wondering whether it refers to Leon Quartermaine, who was Cymbeline of Britain, or to "Q," who wrote so much, and so urbanely, about the play. At this time it is useless to wonder.

My present programme is unpencilled because, as soon as the gauzes slipped away to reveal Lila de Nobili's set (Stiva Douboujinsky aided her), I realised that these would be fairy-tale matters and that practically anything could happen. The only thing to do was to let it happen and not to worry. There seemed to be as many holes and crannies on the stage as in the multiple set of "Under Milk Wood." Great oaks (which, maybe for "artistic verisimilitude," had been cast from real Stratford oaks) guarded the playing area, and below their canopied boughs we saw a cluster of isolated "features"—described by a colleague as a ruined abbey (I take his word for it), a grotto, and an Italianate room. Staircases curled enticingly in various cracks. At first I assumed that any bit of stage decoration would have some significance; but I gave up when Imogen (who had one bad habit only: she turned down the leaves of her books) went comfortably to bed in front of the abbey. Not, I am quick to say, that it mattered in the least.

The costumes, designed by Miss de Nobili, were similarly varied and capricious. I hardly remember them now except that they helped to dress the scene with a suitable romantic vagueness. One actor wore a peculiarly fine furry topper with a curled brim. Cymbeline and his wife had pleasantly spiky crowns—none of your coronets—and when Dame Peggy Ashcroft appeared in the disguise of Fidele, she looked so much like Little Lord Fauntleroy that I was surprised the Earl of Dorincourt and "Dearest" did not loom from the grotto or the abbey. I must add that none could have been more genuinely radiant than Dame Peggy. Throughout, she was the Imogen of fairy-tale, a Princess undergoing all manner of trials (a wicked stepmother gleefully round the corner), but with the equivalent of a Prince waiting for her at the end to say: "Hang there like fruit, my soul, till the tree die!"

Imogen is compact of truth and loyalty—does not she take the name Fidele?—and those are Dame Peggy's attributes. It is a rapturous performance of a once-upon-a-time heroine made the prey of villainy, but suffered to live happily ever after. She is an Imogen for whom any suitor would

order the singing of "Hark, hark, the lark" (though Cloten is not the man to have ordered it). Dame Peggy kept the house from laughing unduly during the difficult speech where Imogen wakes to find the headless corpse beside her; but there were other occasions at the

Mr. Hall how to manage the highly difficult stylised fighting which at Stratford did not come off.

The fault of this production is the director's dangerous, unselective pleasure in detail: the stage can be crowded and clogged. On the other hand, he has tried gallantly to match "Cymbeline's" romantic chaos with a wild invention of his own; he has the benefit of Dame Peggy's entrancing Imogen ("Cytherea, how bravely thou becomest thy bed!"); and one or two collectors almost rose to cheer the sudden appearance, shadowy behind Posthumus in prison, of the spectral Leonati. I could hardly believe it when I heard what Granville-Barker so rudely called the "jingling twaddle," and what Shaw preferred to describe as Shakespeare's careless wood-notes wild. (A distinguished Shakespearean has suggested to me that the words ought to be sung, and I am inclined to agree.)

However, there we were: the ghosts in person. Though if it was not easy to see whether Sicilius Leonatus was "an old man, attired like a warrior, leading in his hand an ancient matron," we knew that at last, and obligingly, a director had arranged to haunt us. Previously I had met—in at least a score of revivals—mere self-conscious fragments of the speeches, unkindly shredded.

But Mr. Hall even added Jupiter. The "king of gods" did not descend in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle; but the stage device had a certain bold, and I think successful, vigour, though I was occupied in trying to guess the voice of the invisible speaker (was it Mark Dignam?)

A good night, on the whole, once we had realised that this was the stuff of fairy-tale. Joan Miller's pale, sinister-sweet Queen, under that spiked crown, was exactly right for a Wicked Stepmother; Richard Johnson was a direct, eager Posthumus. I did not much like Geoffrey Keen's Iachimo, who wanted the man's verbal relish; the two peasant-princes seemed to be off the note in the Dirge; and I am still in two minds about Clive Revill's refusal to present Cloten as the altogether outrageous oaf he should be. I wish Mr. Hall had decided to call him "Clotten": it is the pronunciation that fits "I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream."

The production is at least consistent in its deliberate inconsistency. Mr. Hall knew what he wanted to do. "Cymbeline"—in the unlikely words Cloten uses before the aubade—is "a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it," and the revival does seek ever to match itself to the task of meeting a romantic fairy-tale on its own ground.

Strange matters, too, at the Players' Theatre. It is usually pleasant there underneath the arches, even if the Players' has taken just lately to putting on brief musical fantasies that leave one unsatisfied. Thoughts of "The Boy Friend" (O the grand old days when "The Boy Friend" was young!) whirl wistfully in the mind.

The latest piece, called "Antarctica," is composed by Peter Greenwell with a book by Gordon Snell. The members of an eccentric Antarctic expedition decide—and who can blame them?—to remain with the Snow-Maidens at the South Pole. Luckily, this piece arrived on one of the most humid nights of the heat-wave, and it was pleasant merely to look at the snow-bound stage and to reflect that three of the characters were called Glacier, Floe, and Blizzard. We had also a St. Bernard dog (Bernard Cribbins) who became a trifle obtrusive. Still, dogs will have their day, bless them, and I dare say Mr. Cribbins's Boris (or Sirius?) said so: he seems, in memory, to have made every dog-joke extant—and there are quite a few.



"I WILL LAY YOU TEN THOUSAND DUCATS . . .": IACHIMO (GEOFFREY KEEN, LEFT) WAGERS WITH POSTHUMUS (RICHARD JOHNSON) IN "CYMBELINE" AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.



"A RAPTURED PERFORMANCE OF A ONCE-UPON-A-TIME HEROINE MADE THE PREY OF VILLAINY": DAME PEGGY ASHCROFT AS IMOGEN.

première when listeners could not restrain their mirth at some of the plot-devices proper to fairy-tale but a trifle odd in performance. It showed the difference between an inspired production and one of agreeable competence, that, on the previous night, at "Titus Andronicus" with all its excesses, the Stoll Theatre had not a single misplaced giggler. I feel Peter Brook could have told

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"MARIA MARTEN" (Shrewsbury).—A Shrewsbury Summer Festival production followed by Shaw's "Passion, Poison, and Petrification." (July 15.)  
 "ODD MAN IN" (St. Martin's).—A new play by Robin Maugham. (July 16.)  
 "OH! MY PAPA!" (Garrick).—A musical comedy, of Swiss origin, that began its life over here at the Bristol Old Vic. (July 17.)





THREATENED WITH DESTRUCTION: LONDON'S ST. JAMES'S THEATRE—A WELL-LOVED THEATRICAL AND ARCHITECTURAL GEM.

A great wave of protest has arisen with the renewed threats to the St. James's Theatre, King Street. London County Council has given planning permission for the demolition of this well-loved theatre and the erection of offices on the site. Opened in 1835, the St. James's is one of the few surviving old theatres in London, and in addition to its great theatrical heritage it is an important architectural landmark. An epic struggle has developed to save the theatre. On July 9 the well-known dramatic critic, Mr. Alan Dent

(who is also, of course, the Cinema critic of *The Illustrated London News*), donned sandwich boards, and, accompanied by Miss Vivien Leigh and Miss Athene Seyler, led a protest march to the theatre. Two days later Miss Leigh was led from the House of Lords after having risen to her feet in Black Rod's Box and loudly protested against the destruction of the theatre. Three M.P.s, including the Prime Minister's son, have tabled a motion asking the Government to review the planning decision about the St. James's Theatre.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



## FROM LONDON, DEVON AND PENNSYLVANIA: A MISCELLANY OF NEWS ITEMS.



ACCEPTED BY THE TREASURY IN PART PAYMENT OF ESTATE DUTY AND HANDED TO THE NATIONAL TRUST: SALTRAM HOUSE, NEAR PLYMOUTH, THE SOUTH FRONT. Saltram House, which has now been accepted by the Treasury to complete the estate duty liability of the late Earl of Morley, incorporates some original Tudor work but was remodelled in the eighteenth century. It has much Robert Adam decoration and many Reynolds paintings.



FOR THE FOURTH ANNUAL SCOUT JAMBOREE AT VALLEY FORGE, PENNSYLVANIA: BOY SCOUTS PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO A REPLICA OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, WHICH WILL SERVE AS A GATEWAY.



THE TRAINING BARQUE *EAGLE*, FLAGSHIP OF THE U.S. COASTGUARD PRACTICE SQUADRON, AT ANCHOR IN THE POOL OF LONDON DURING HER VISIT. This barque (1634 tons), acquired by the U.S. as part of reparations, was formerly the German naval cadet ship *Horst Wessel*. She is at present engaged on her annual nine-week training cruise to foreign ports. She is accompanied by the cutters *Yakutat* and *Absecon*.



A RUNNING, NOT A SWIMMING COURSE AT THE WHITE CITY: THE FLOODED RUNNING TRACK OF THE A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS ON JULY 12. The first day of the Amateur Athletic Association Championships at the White City was marred by heavy showers; and, not surprisingly, the best figures recorded were in the hammer, where M. J. Ellis put up several records.



THE NEW WAITING LOUNGE FOR VISITORS TO THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE, WHICH, WITH A NEW LECTURE THEATRE, WAS OPENED BY THE CHAIRMAN, SIR JOHN BRAITHWAITE, ON JULY 10. THE VISITORS' GALLERY WAS OPENED IN NOVEMBER 1954.



BASICALLY COMPLETE: THE NEW ST. JAMES'S PARK BRIDGE, SHOWING THE PRE-STRESSED CONCRETE STRUCTURE. THE ARCHES ARE ONLY 14 INS. THICK. This photograph shows the basic structure of the new bridge. A model exhibited at the Civil Engineers' conversation in June revealed that there would be 13-ft.-high slim lamp standards at each end with six lamps on down-curving branches.



FROM FAR AND NEAR: THE *REINA DEL PACIFICO* AGROUND, AND OTHER ITEMS.

TO MARK THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF COASTAL COMMAND: A COMMEMORATIVE WINDOW UNVEILED AT NORTHWOOD, MIDDLESEX, ON JULY 13 BY AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR FREDERICK BOWHILL (LEFT). The stained-glass window which was unveiled at Coastal Command headquarters at Northwood, Middlesex, commemorates the achievements of Coastal Command during the last war, particularly in the battle of the Atlantic. It was designed by a former National Serviceman.



UNDERGOING TRAINING ON THEIR LIGHTWEIGHT MOTOR-CYCLES AT HENDON: SOME OF THE 400 POLICE OFFICERS WHO WILL FORM SCOTLAND YARD'S NEW "LIGHTWEIGHT SQUAD" AND WILL PATROL AT SLOW SPEED ON THEIR MOTORCYCLES, WEARING NORMAL UNIFORMS WITH SPECIAL HELMETS.



FIRMLY AGROUND 5½ MILES OFF BERMUDA: THE PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S 17,872-TON CRUISE LINER *REINA DEL PACIFICO*.



SHOWING HOW SHALLOW WAS THE WATER IN WHICH THE *REINA DEL PACIFICO* WENT AGROUND: A MAN WADING ALONGSIDE THE LINER. Just before dusk on July 11 the *Reina del Pacifico* was refloated, having been aground on reefs 5½ miles off Bermuda for 86 hours. Some of her passengers had already left the liner and much of her cargo had been unloaded. Reloading began on July 12 and the liner was expected at Liverpool on July 24, instead of July 18, her original arrival date.



A FIRST WORLD WAR TANK, WHICH HAD DEVELOPED ENGINE TROUBLE DURING FILMING FOR A RECENT B.B.C. TELEVISION PROGRAMME, UNDER TOW.



AT A RECENT DEMONSTRATION AT CHATHAM BY THE ROYAL ENGINEERS: AN ASSAULT VEHICLE ABOUT TO CROSS A DITCH.

At a demonstration given by the Royal Engineers at Chatham on July 11 new equipment and new techniques were shown. Two new bridges, of 30 and 80 tons, were seen and a Class 80 heavy girder bridge was launched.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IN general, modern versions of the tale of Troy are hardly my cup of tea: not even, or perhaps especially not if they are clever. But in practice, one never knows. The Danish "Scandal in Troy," by Eva Hemmer Hansen (Methuen; 12s. 6d.), reinterpreting the lives of Helen and Clytemnestra in one modest volume, is undeniably clever. And it is entirely modern, both in its treatment of the characters and its use of archaeology for the background. But then, the modernity is in grain. This is a real novel, not a vagary—and as gripping as though the events were unfamiliar. (More so, indeed; a tale is most deeply exciting when you know what happened.) Its innovations are persuasive as well as bold; its tone is light, imaginative and sometimes ghastly.

And, I must add, the approach is not only feminine but rather militantly feminist; here we have the experience of two women who venture to "build their lives round love" in a man's world. This Clytemnestra is, as she has always been, passionately in love with her husband. She is the thoughtful, high-minded sister—the woman of character. But Helen, with the minimum of character, is the *tour de force*. No one would have expected her to fall madly in love; nor has she the beauty of a goddess. This Helen is deliciously pretty, exquisitely smart, with the most fastidious taste and a sweet, easy, self-absorbed nature—a *grande dame*, but also a good deal of a *femmelette*. She is mildly fond of her dull, hunting Menelaus. . . . Then Paris comes—and, as it were in a moment, she is writing to Clytemnestra from the "world's end": "I am very, very happy, and I'm proud that I did it. . . ." Consequences never occur to her.

The tale is told partly in letters between the sisters, partly as straight narrative, now in Mycenæ, now in Troy. Clytemnestra's side of it can be deduced from the fact that she loves her husband; Helen's is much subtler. In Troy she has reached the utmost of her capacity, which is to be self-absorbed *à deux*. She and Paris are truly made for each other. His bleak, old-fashioned city, his rather barbaric family are neither here nor there. The war is only irritating and stupid—except that he feels it, and her heart aches for him. Then he is killed . . . and we see the *femmelette* weeping and giggling in her cups with the spy Odysseus, and agreeing without a twinge to betray the city, because now she wants to go home. The "wooden horse" episode is a specially ingenious and horrid touch. But it seems odd, in a way, that Paris should be the most sympathetic figure.

## OTHER FICTION.

We are still on classical ground with "The Villa and the Horde," by Barbara Hunt (Macdonald; 15s.), though not in the same sense; this is an historical novel, culminating in the sack of Rome in A.D. 470. It is an American work, and has nothing in common with Eva Hansen's except the wealth of background material, the much livelier view of the past, which is giving historical fiction a rebirth. Indeed here, as the jacket indicates, the city of Rome itself, immemorial and superb, shoddy and chaotic, falling to bits yet still dreaming itself invulnerable, is the leading figure. It is really the god of the pagan, aristocratic Severus, though in theory he is too cultured to have one. In his eyes, Alaric and the Goths are "great babies." They can never hurt Rome; whereas its Christian rulers are playing the deuce with it, and Stilicho, their great Vandal general, is Public Enemy No. 1. So he contrives the ruin of Stilicho, and wakes up to find Alaric at the gates.

Severus has begun detestably Roman—crass, arrogant and stony-hearted—but improves into pathos: while a happy ending is furnished by Gordion, his British slave, who leads a horde off to Gaul. The tale is not deeply imaginative; but it has a lot of solid, and also of romantic interest. Though one may be rather taken aback when, for example, Stilicho asks Gordion: "Don't you plan to amount to something?"

"The Day the Money Stopped," by Brendan Gill (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is a neat little story, mostly in dialogue, about an American prodigal coming home to collect on his father's death. But there is nothing to collect; he has already, over the last twenty years, had more than his share. First, he won't believe it. Then he concocts a blackmail scheme. The execution is brilliant; but "Charlie Morrow, unfunny unfavourite"—as he so justly calls himself—is rather too much.

"She Died Dancing," by Kelley Roos (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 11s. 6d.), also comes from America. Connie Barton, suspecting her husband of a weekly rendezvous with a blonde, gets herself made over into a super-blonde. She tracks him to the Crescent Dancing School and the embrace of a luscious lovely. But he is innocent; he is only learning to waltz! The joy is brief; on slipping into Studio K after the lesson, she finds that his teacher has just been shot in a closed room, while she herself watched the door. Therefore evidently by Steve, which is absurd. She snatches the register, and bolts; and now they have to detect the criminal before the police can locate the "Waltzer." Works like a charm: crisp and gay.—K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## FROM THE INDIAN MUTINY TO INVASIONS OF RUSSIA.

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, the great *Times* correspondent, is almost as famous in the history of the Crimean War as Florence Nightingale herself. For, like Florence Nightingale, he succeeded in rousing the conscience of a complacent Britain to the appalling sufferings (due to incompetence) endured by the British Army. One of the effects of the campaign in the Crimea was the overhaul of an army which had changed little in essentials since the Peninsular War, and to this Russell's dispatches notably contributed. He had spent barely a year after his return from the Crimea when the manager of *The Times* suggested that he should go out again to India for a year, "salary £600 to be paid to your wife or other nominee at home, and all expenses if out of pocket reimbursed," in order to investigate the situation as it existed in the closing stages of the Indian Mutiny. Mr. Michael Edwardes has edited Russell's "My Indian Mutiny Diary" (Cassell; 30s.) and contributed a useful foreword on the Mutiny and its consequences. Russell's assignment was to investigate the reports of atrocities committed against British men, women and children, which were so agitating public opinion at home. He went everywhere, witnessed the retaking of Lucknow, and was severely wounded. He was a humane and kindly man who discovered that the atrocities were far from being all on one side. For, as Mr. Edwardes says: "From the first murder of European civilians at Meerut and Delhi, the English threw aside the mask of civilisation and engaged in a war of such ferocity that a reasonable parallel can be seen in our own times with the Nazi occupation of Europe and, in the past, with the hell of the Thirty Years War." Indeed, the behaviour of General Neill in the second massacre of Cawnpore was that of a sadistic madman, and it is difficult to read of his activities without a sense of retrospective shame. The Mutiny had the disastrous after-effect of changing the whole attitude of the British towards the Indians. As Mr. Edwardes points out, up to the Mutiny the old traditional relationship between the British and the Indians, which was one of equality and mutual respect, still largely subsisted. It had, of course, been threatened by the earnest evangelicalism of the 30's of the nineteenth century, which taught the British to despise the Indians as Godless heathens. The Mutiny, however, resulted in the complete separation of the two races, with the end result of 1947. Russell's dispatches show the process beginning. They are vivid, lively, sometimes humorous and sometimes horrifying. Although I cannot go the whole way with Mr. Edwardes in his conclusions, he has done an admirable job in resurrecting this fascinating document.

Another interesting book on warfare covering a much wider range is "Seven Roads to Moscow," by Lieut.-Colonel W. G. F. Jackson, M.C. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 30s.). Colonel Jackson makes an analysis of the campaigns of the seven major invaders of Muscovy. These invaders were, in turn, Rurik the Viking, Batu the Tartar, Sigismund of Poland, Charles XII of Sweden, Napoleon, Hindenburg and Hitler. Of these only the first was successful, for the reason that the Vikings made their invasions down the length of the great Russian rivers instead of, as in the case of every other invader, across them. Moreover, instead of treating the indigenous population as sub-humans (as one is tempted to regard them to this day), they treated them well and instilled in them the rudiments of culture. This is a book which should be read by every officer in N.A.T.O. The Swedes, who produced in relation to the size of their country probably the most efficient fighting machine the world has seen, saw that machine crumbling away at Poltava. The story of Napoleon's *grande armée* is sufficiently well known. In the two World Wars, no victories could have been so crushing as Hindenburg's annihilation of the great Russian armies in the Tannenberg and the Masurian Lakes, or Hitler's initial victories in 1941. Yet, such is the vastness of Russia and the tenacity of her enormous manpower, that in each case final victory eluded the invader, and so ultimately turned into crushing defeat. Colonel Jackson writes with a pen which is sufficiently expert for students at the Staff College, where he was once an instructor, and

sufficiently light to make easy reading for the ordinary member of the public. These two interesting books have left me far too little space to deal adequately with two others that, in their different ways, deserve attention. One is "Captured in Tibet," by Robert Ford (Harrap; 18s.). Mr. Ford was Tibet's first, and indeed only, radio officer, and for some years was that country's only link with the outside world. He was captured by the Chinese Communists and was imprisoned for four-and-a-half years on charges of espionage. His book is excellently written, exciting, and at the same time throws a revealing light on a country which is still so little known in the West. "The Monkey Kingdom," by Ivan T. Sanderson (Hamish Hamilton; 35s.), reminds us that we have a wide range of ancestors. Mr. Sanderson writes about them all—and illustrates his amusing and instructive pages with admirable photographs, thirty-five of which are in colour.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

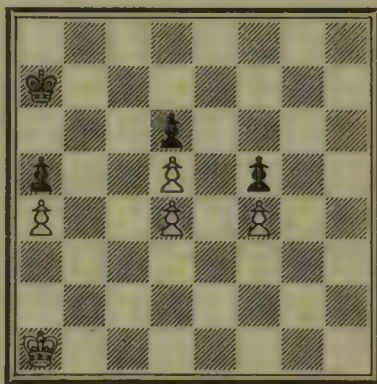
## CHESS NOTES.

BY BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

"APPARENTLY you can't really rely on a single chess writer!" wrote one disgruntled correspondent when I had pointed out a number of inaccuracies in famous works. A better way of putting it is: you can rely on chess to baffle even the greatest of writers at times. In the last analysis, it is a difficult game, otherwise it would hardly have captivated such countless millions of people through fourteen centuries.

Reuben Fine's "Basic Chess Endings" is quite a *tour de force*, but at least twenty serious errors in it have come to light. Here is a rather amusing one, pointed out by my namesake, P. R. Wood, of Acton Hill:

Black.



White.

White to play and win.

(Study by Lasker and Reichelm, 1901.)

Fine quotes the correct solution, as follows (on page 53):

- |           |       |
|-----------|-------|
| 1. K-Kt1! | K-Kt2 |
| 2. K-B1   | K-B2  |
| 3. K-Q1   | K-Q2  |
| 4. K-B2   | K-Q1  |
| 5. K-B3   | K-B2  |

This is the critical position: White can now win by 6. K-Q3 as Black cannot reply 6... K-Q2 because the white king then gets in at QKt5.

Fine explains: "White wishes to get his king either to QKt5 or K-Kt5. On the direct try, 1. K-Kt2, K-Kt2; 2. K-B3, K-B2; 3. K-B4, K-Kt3; 4. K-Q3, K-B2; 5. K-K3, K-Q2; 6. K-B3, K-K2; 7. K-Kt3, K-B3; 8. K-R4, K-Kt3, he gets nowhere very quickly. Obviously a little finesse must be employed. In the above variation two observations may be made:

"1. Black must never remain more than one file to the left of White on his march to the queen's (Fine means 'king's'!) side—e.g., if the white king is on the K file, the black king must be at least on the Q file.

"2. Consequently, with the black king at QKt3 and the white at QB4, Black to play loses, for 4... K-R3 is forced.

"Let us carry the analysis one step further. With the white king at Q3 and the black king at QB2, Black to play loses, since he must play to the Kt file to prevent K-B4-Kt5."

Finally, we are reminded that to have the near opposition, kings must have one square between them; to have the distant opposition, an odd number of squares between them.

We are thus led, quite lucidly, to the solution in bold print. What Fine overlooks is that after the moves 1. K-Kt2, K-Kt2; 2. K-B3, K-B2 in his preamble (which followed the actual solution here), he has exactly the same position as after five moves of the correct solution—but he now moves 3. K-B4? and duly gets nowhere.

The real point, as Mr. Wood points out, is that Black should reply to K-Kt2 with . . . K-R1!



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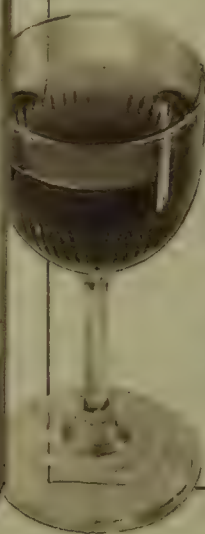
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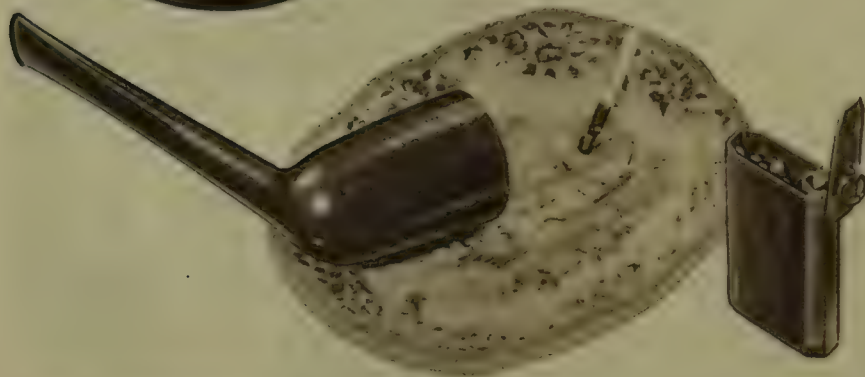


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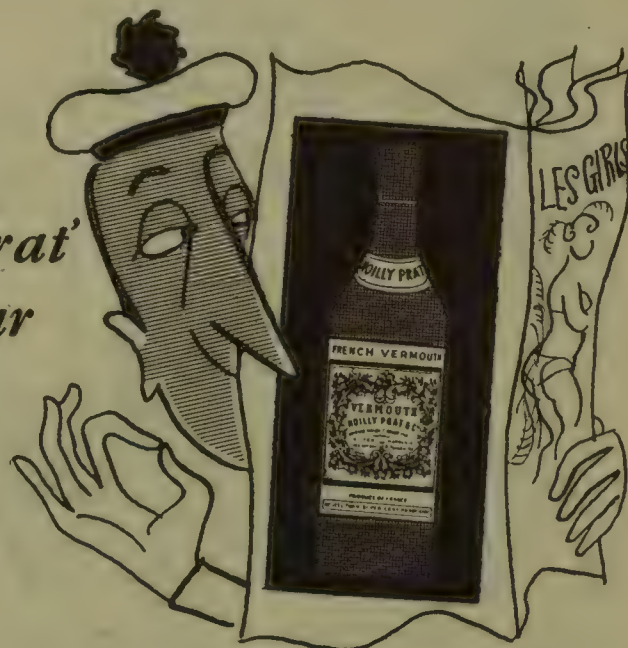
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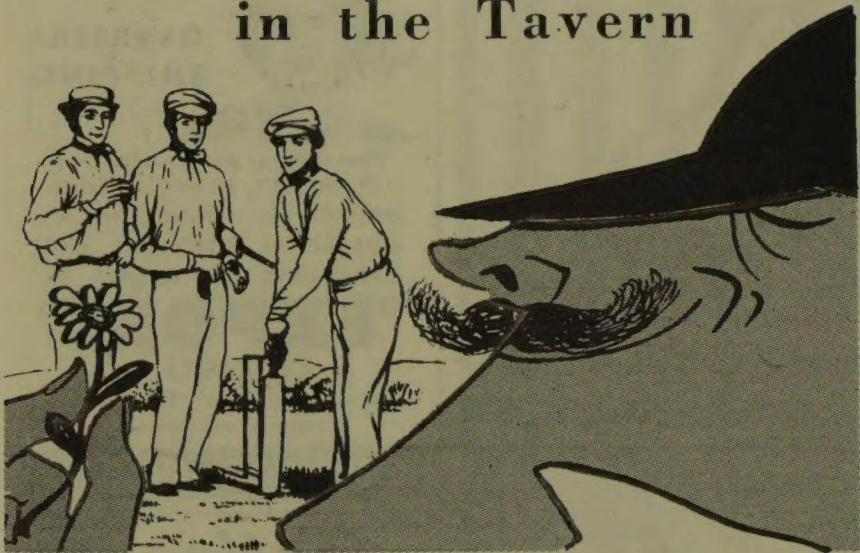
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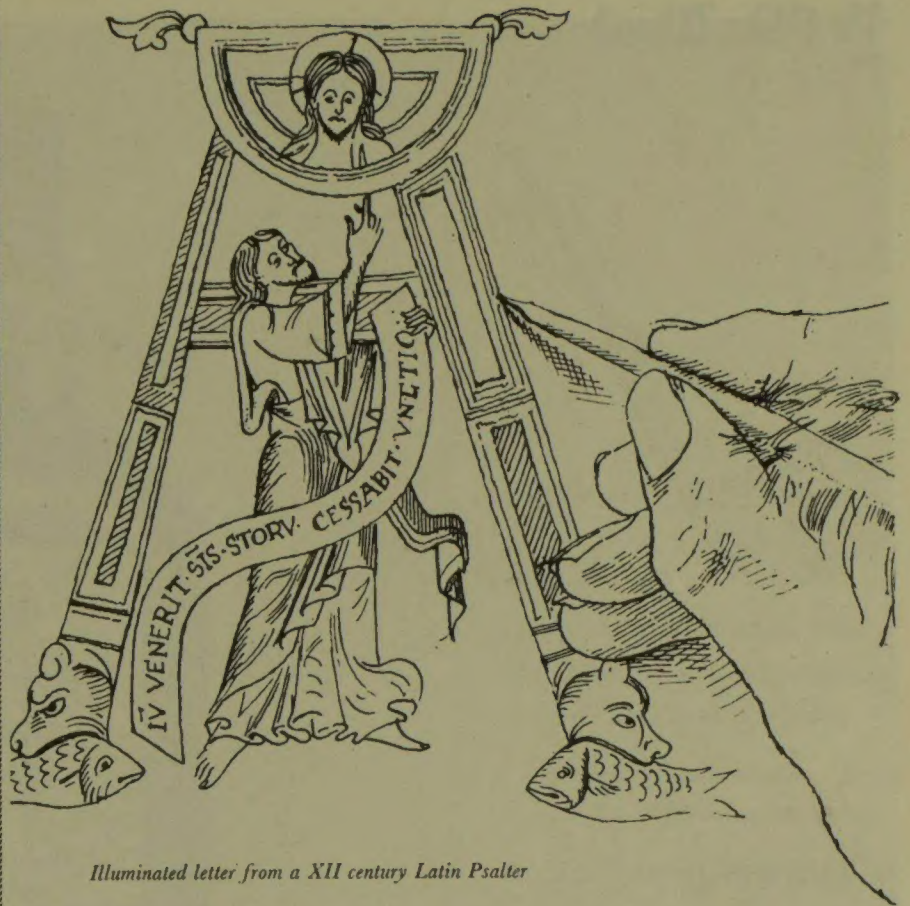


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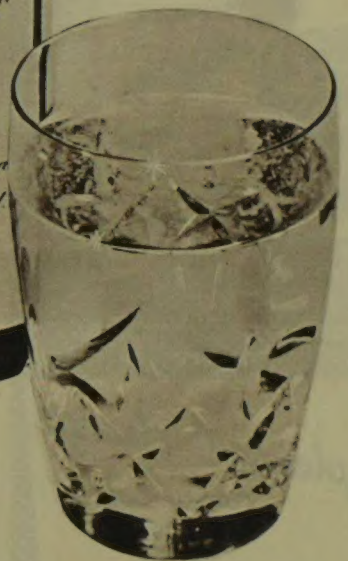
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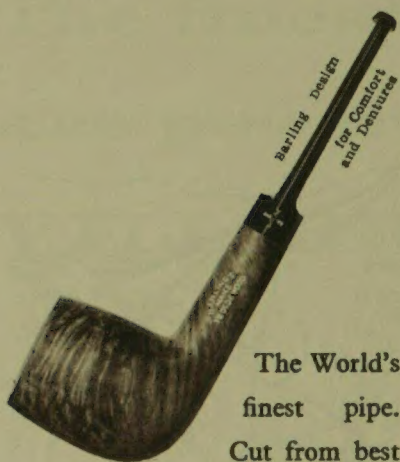
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